Your Life and Home Insured Free. See page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX No. 540. | SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 18. 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

674966

For meaning of this number see p. 27.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SPECIAL OFFER

Post five penny stamps to EXCELDA Handkerchief Co., 60, Mosley Street, Manchester, and you will receive in return, post paid, one sample of superior quality *Gentleman's Full-sized Hemstitched* EXCELDA Handkerchief

This sample is sent by the manufacturer to the consumer to prove the exceptional good value of Excelda handkerchiefs. This offer applies in the United Kingdom only. To avoid mistakes please write name and address plainly and fully.

Only one sample will be supplied to each applicant

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

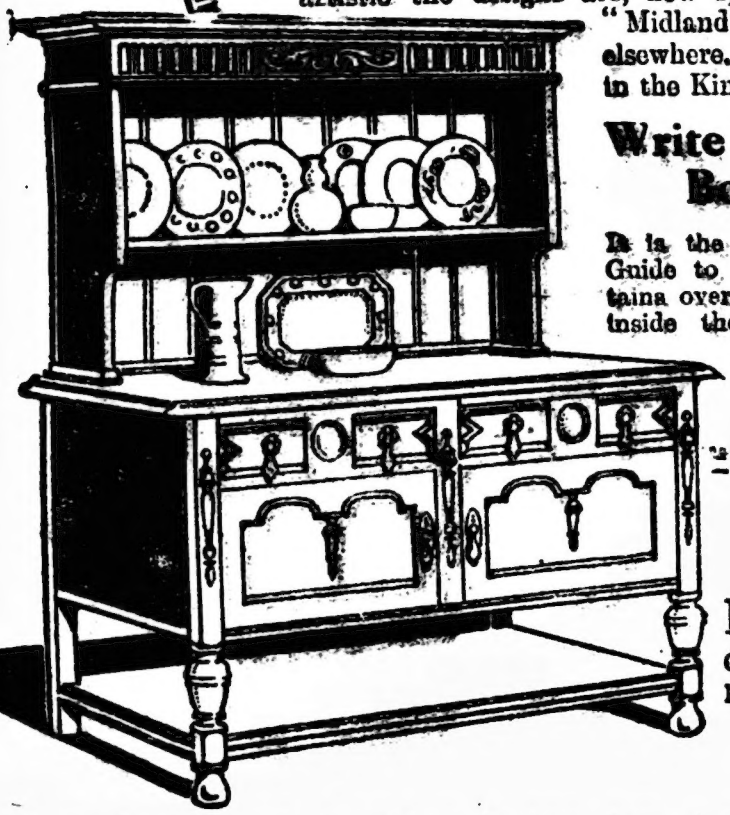
Steele's Adv. Ser.

"My own!"

How you will thrill with delight when you look round the house and realise that all the beautiful things in it are yours—your very own! That happy moment may be nearer than you think. For at the "Midland" you can get just the furniture you have longed for—without waiting, without drawing on your investments, and without paying a single penny beyond the bedrock marked price.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

The "Midland" charge nothing for interest. They give you the choice of over £100,000 worth of lovely furniture. Come and see for yourself. See how artistic the designs are, how splendidly everything is made. Compare the "Midland" prices and terms with what you would be asked elsewhere. That will convince you! There's not a place in the Kingdom that can *touch* the "Midland" for value.



Exceedingly handsome Dresser, designed on Jacobean lines, carefully constructed in Oak, finished a rich antique brown. It has 2 drawers and 2 cupboards, with antique brass fittings. **£8 8s. 0d.**

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

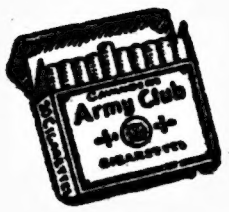
Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

The "DESPATCH RIDER."

"We haven't much money, but we do see life," as a wise Johnny once put it. Bumping along on the old jigger at 40 miles an hour, dodging old petrol cans and other rubbish, hugging the "outside edge" round Jack Johnson holes, and Boches a mile or two ahead or in the rear—yes, it may be good exercise, but it's a bit rough on the nerves. However, I've found an A1 "Nerve soother"—Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes. One or two at the end of each little jaunt, and you feel fit enough to take the whole German Army on.

CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES

PRICES.—**9d.** *for* **20**, 1/10½ *for* **50**, 3/9 *for* **100.**

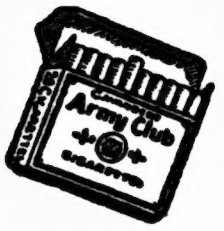


We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to all Members of our Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from **CAVANDER'S**, *Glasgow, The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address, 167, Strand, London, W.C.*

CAVANDER'S
Army Mixture

7½d. *per oz.*

A mellow non-bite Mixture.



Aches & Pains

Pain is Nature's danger signal, showing there is something wrong in the system. Obviously, therefore, to permanently remove pain, you must remove the cause. That exactly describes the action of Chameleon Oil. No need to rub hard, gently does it. Chameleon Oil does more than deaden the aching. It finds and removes the cause. Hence its extraordinary success. In thousands of homes, the moment anyone feels pain, the advice is immediately given, "Use Chameleon Oil, and quickly end your trouble." Send a bottle to your soldier friend in the trenches.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London N.W.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

SEE THE TAGS! These are the tags that cannot come off and they are fitted to Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached; it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

for the tags cannot come off. And Paton Laces give longest wear, the smartest appearance and are most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear 2d. & 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tabular) do. 3d. do.
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name-Paton's E58

Wm. PATON Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland

Osram G.E.C. DRAWN WIRE Lamps

British Made Throughout.

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD. For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/9 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Shirley Laboratories (Dept. 33) Birmingham.

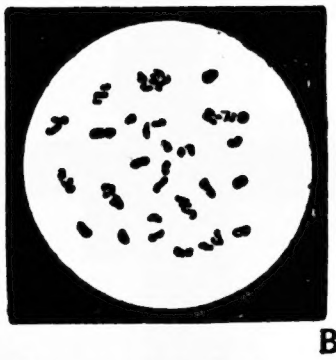
Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

SEND HIM **HEALO**

Absolutely the most useful article to "Tommy" for Wounds, Sores, Scratches, Eczema, Chafes, Chilblains, Frostbites, Cuts, Burns, Tender feet, Irritation, Skin Affection. Free sample from M. SMITH & Co. Kidderminster. All Chemists

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through our trade advertisements in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.



From an actual Micro-photograph of the Bacillus Influenzæ—magnified 900 diameters—taken at the Runcorn Laboratories.

This is a Picture of your enemy the Influenza Bacillus.

Bacteriologists to-day have enabled us to see and recognise many of the tiny organisms that make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat.

To recognise our common enemy—to classify him—ascertain his habits and mode of attack—has been the aim of modern scientists; and in establishing precautions against these deadly micro-organisms leading scientists recommend the use of

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The effective *precautionary measure* against the Microbes of Influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.

Every man and woman needs these handy, easily-taken Pastilles—not only as a *cure* for sore throat, catarrh, loss of voice, etc., but also as a sound and definite precaution against the myriads of deadly microbes encountered in the day's work.

TRENCH ODOURS: These famous Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, **1/3**

Warning: See the raised bar.

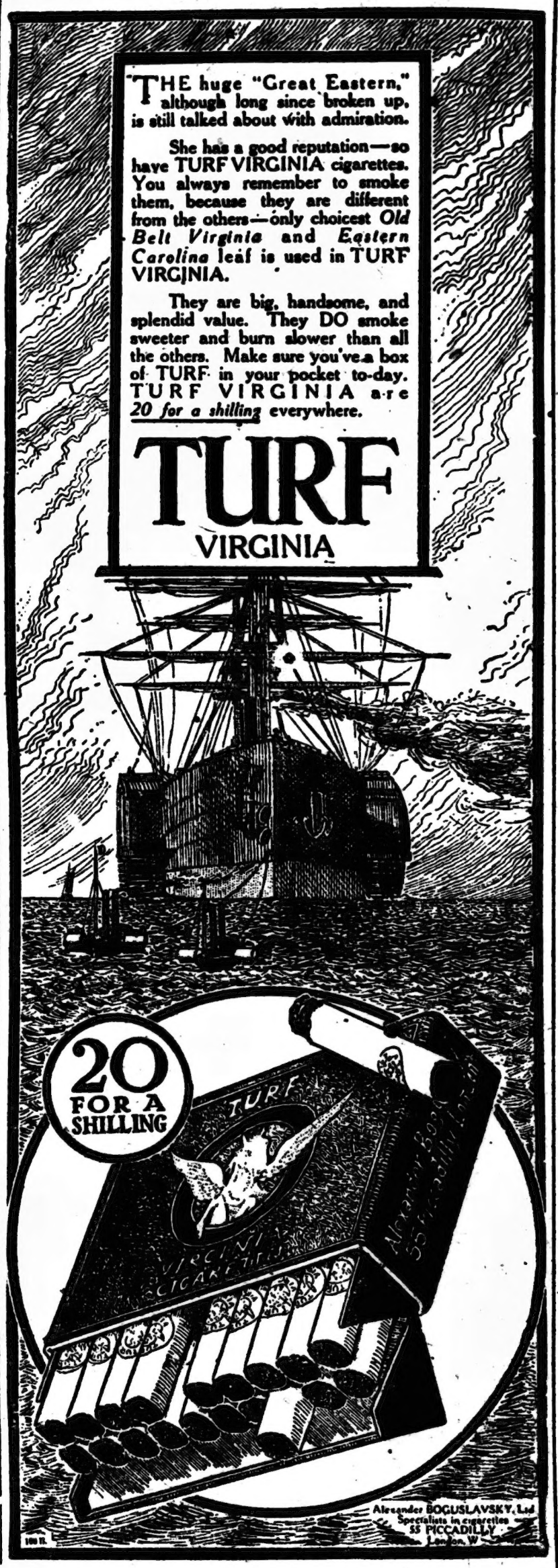
Genuine Evans Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each Pastille—which is registered.

Post Free.

Order a box at once for yourself or your soldier or sailor friend in case of difficulty write now enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the Pastilles will be sent direct by return. Write to the Proprietors:

EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ld.,
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool,
and at London & New York.

1A


THE huge "Great Eastern," although long since broken up, is still talked about with admiration.
She has a good reputation—so have TURF VIRGINIA cigarettes. You always remember to smoke them, because they are different from the others—only choicest *Old Belt Virginia* and *Eastern Carolina* leaf is used in TURF VIRGINIA.
They are big, handsome, and splendid value. They DO smoke sweeter and burn slower than all the others. Make sure you've a box of TURF in your pocket to-day. TURF VIRGINIA are *20 for a shilling* everywhere.
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VIRGINIA
20 FOR A SHILLING
Alexander BOGUSLAVSKY, Ltd
Specialists in cigarettes
55 PICCADILLY
London, W.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 546. Week ending Saturday, November 18th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Slanging Match—

Extracts from House of Commons Debate :—Sir E. Carson (to Mr. Bonar Law): "Absolutely untrue."—Mr. Bonar Law: "That is his policy."—Sir E. Carson: "All nonsense!"

And the Sequel.

"It is announced that Sir E. Carson and Mr. Bonar Law are to dine together at the Constitutional Club." What a game it is!

Watch Ireland.

And good luck to the new attempt to "reconcile the irreconcilable."

A New Flag.

What about an Allied Flag—emblematic of all the Nations now engaged in crushing the Teutonic power?

The Channel Raid.

There can be no harm in our asking whether on the night this raid occurred the boom defence at Dover was lowered for the purpose of alterations; and, if so, how the Germans came to know of the fact within a couple of hours.

Why Not Guns?

And why is not *every* British ship provided with a 3-inch gun, and a gunner? Surely this would be the most effective way of stopping the submarine menace.

Russian Rumours.

Pay no heed whatever to the sinister rumours which are now afloat respecting the possibility of Russia making a separate peace with Germany? It is not for *that* purpose that our Eastern Ally is about to expend 130 millions of money on naval expansion.

Equality of Sacrifice?

Under the Curfew Regulations of our wonderful Home Secretary, you can buy hot tripe after 8 p.m., but not ham and beef. "Newly cooked provisions" are exempt, and as honest ham and beef may be a few hours old it is penalised. Was there ever such rot?

Equality of Treatment.

Now that fancy goods shops are closed at 8 p.m., are Church Bazaars to be allowed to keep open after that hour? We merely ask for information.

Straining Loyalty.

Prince George of Greece, brother of the traitor Tino, was at Buckingham Palace a month ago. He is now on a tour in Germany and is about to visit the Kaiser, and is being welcomed everywhere as the brother of "Germany's most faithful Ally." *What was he doing here?*

Body Shields.

Months ago we advocated body shields for our fighting men. Now we learn that Sir Douglas Haig has asked for them and that "steps are being taken to meet his wishes." Better late than never.

The Captured Zeppelin.

A strange story reaches us respecting the nationality of the Commander of the Zepp. which came down, practically whole, and whose crew is now in our custody. Wonder whether you have heard it!

Potatoes and the Poor.

Why is it that potato farmers are allowed to use soldiers for lifting their crops, only to sell at grossly inflated prices? This is skinning the people with a vengeance. And agriculturists pay no Excess Profits Tax!

We *Don't* Think!

By the way, who is Percival A. Hislam, who, in a special article in the *North Star*, says, "The British Government, we know, does not propose to ask anything from Germany in the way of a cash indemnity." Who has been pulling his leg?

We Bow.

In the course of a brilliant defence of the Party System—to which we shall doubtless refer again—Mr. Lovat-Fraser, writing in the *Glasgow Citizen*, says, "Mr. Bottomley is now one of the most important factors in the formation of public opinion," and that he has "oratorical talents which make him one of the most effective speakers of the day." Well, it *has* taken a little time, hasn't it?

Wonderful!

Overheard at a meeting at Lancaster the other night, on the occasion of our first visit: "Well, I *am* surprised; he seems quite a gentleman!" Again, we bow.

Oh, these Politicians!

"Their next duty was to keep together the people who were Liberals, so that when the war was over they might get back to the old historic lines of Party"—thus Sir Ryland Adkins, M.P. He must have a Baronetcy for that!

Two Shillings an Acre.

Do you know that it is possible to buy land of enormous potential value, in the British Empire, at less than two shillings an acre? If you will read the *City John Bull* you will find out all about it.

Delays are dangerous. Sign our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon. See page iii of cover.

A Lesson from France.

So the French have set us another lesson in the way of sensible taxation, by imposing a tax upon restaurant bills. We offered this suggestion some years ago to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together with many others, several of which he has since adopted. We never sit in a public restaurant without being reminded of what a wealth of revenue there is to be obtained from such a source. A shilling in the pound would hurt nobody, and would bring a huge sum to the Exchequer.

How *Not* to Do It

It is a pity that the admirable objects of the "Roll of Honour" Flag Day were not more generally explained to the fair collectors. Members of our staff, on their way to the office, seeing on the boxes merely the words, "Roll of Honour Day; Kitchener Memorial"—naturally asked to what precise purpose the money was to be put. The whole of the four girls thus interrogated had to confess ignorance, merely saying, parrot-like, "The Kitchener Memorial," or "The Roll of Honour." One lady, who entered the portals of 93, Long Acre, in reply to the question "Who will benefit?" actually answered, "Kitchener's sons"!

A Legal Tongue Twister.

Mr. Pretyman's Amending Bill on the Output of Beer (Restriction) Act provides an excellent example of tongue-twisting phraseology. It says that "if a brewer has closed a brewery and it has not since been used as a brewery, so much of any beer so brewed at the closed brewery as the Commissioners think just in the circumstances shall be deemed to be beer brewed at the brewer's brewery." It would seem that the lawyers while drafting the Bill had indulged in copious draughts of the brewer's brewery brewed beer. Whether they thought it just to deem it beer brewed in the brewer's brewery is another matter. Anyway, it sounds a bit cloudy.

Town Girls in the Country.

Some comment has been aroused because a few girls working on farms in one quarter of Wiltshire did not prove a success, and unfair things have been said of them. We do not think girls from London should be expected to go into the country and toil on the land for 5 or 7 shillings a week, with coarse food and bad lodgings, and nothing to look forward to after a hard day's work but darkness and loneliness in a strange village. On the other hand, we are assured, and we believe, that the London girl, properly treated and trained, met with smiles instead of grumps, paid fairly instead of being ground down to the last penny, will make good and prove her usefulness, as she has done in many quarters. It all depends on how she is treated, and she is not to be called frivolous because she is bright.

A Vicar's Letter.

The Rev. A. F. Maskew, Vicar of St. Paul's, Peterborough, has sent an extraordinary epistle to soldier parishioners at the Front. He first says he is glad they approve of "his idea for a Parish Memorial"—whether they do so or not! and then goes on to say "the people at home are so rotten," helping the dose down by alleging it is so "because you boys are so splendid." After that flattering bait, he returns to the people at home, wishing they "would only pray for you, and stop shirking and cussing and money-hunting and boozing." These unparson-like terms are followed by a reference to bad weather, and the consequent "hardship and discomfort" suffered by the soldiers, and then this strange minister of the Gospel decorates his language by swearing a heathen oath, declaring "By Jove!" that "the Boches are in a worse fix." Altogether, it is a most remarkable message for a Vicar to send to members of his flock; the gush of it is clumsy, the wording in bad taste, and its charges unwarranted.

Unk Sam's Sweet Tooth.

Unk Sam has a sweet tooth which takes a lot of filling, and that is where a great deal of John Bull's sugar goes; Britain exported to the United States last year £455 434 worth of sugared goods, and £441,611 worth for the first nine months of the current year. The value of confectionery sent to the United States in 1915 was £11,586; for the first nine months of this year, £13,809. This is Runciman's official, and he ought to know.

Tommy's Tea.

As might be expected, the largest buyers of tea in this country are the Army authorities: their purchases amount to about twenty-two million pounds a year. Instead, however, of instructing a broker to buy direct on the market, they actually go to dealers—just like any small grocer—paying them, of course, a profit, and consequently inflating the price against the ordinary consumer, as the dealers have to hold heavy stocks. Of course, certain of the higher officials are saved a little trouble—of which, however, they might easily rid themselves, with advantage to the public, by slightly augmenting their staff by the appointment of a practical Business man.

Cum Grano Salis.

Though the Local Tribunals are really independent judicial authorities under Act of Parliament, they are now being treated as if they were bound to regard themselves as agents of the Military Representatives. The attitude of General Cotter, of the Woking Tribunal, is typical. In the case of one applicant the Chairman remarked that C2 men were not being called up. "We are calling up all classes in Woking," retorted the General; "what is said in the House of Commons must be taken with a very large grain of salt." In other words, the General has *his* secret instructions, and whatever pledges or promises are made by Ministers by way of bluff or blarney in the House of Commons don't matter an Assouan. And, 'pon our sacred word, we don't think they do.

We Blush.

We blush—not, however, with pride, but for very shame. For we have been put in our proper place by—the *Girvan Monthly Magazine*, which we take to be the magazine of the Parish Church. The nearest thing to a compliment which we get is to be told that our reverend brother "in many things has a sneaking admiration" for us personally; but, all the same, it is because "the bulk of the nation had become, and may still be, Atheistic, Agnostic, Nothingarian . . . a fast decaying nation—soft, selfish, *laisser-faire* . . . the very streets of London corrupt and sinks of iniquity," that we can "find a million hungry readers" for our "weekly husks." We suppose our Christian brother is one of the other half million who devour us, not because they are hungry, but because they like us.

"Tommy on the Rot."

They are still discussing at the Front, and the back, our articles on soldiers "rotting" at home through over-training, while thousands of care-worn and war-worn men can get no leave at all. The case of a certain battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment is instanced to us. They must be dead sick of sight-seeing. Fifteen thousand strong, they have been at Skipton, Derby, Mansfield, Clipstone, Nottingham, the Dukeries, Salisbury Plain, and any number of other places our informant cannot think of. They are now at Wangford, where they are daily expecting orders to move on to Bedford. They have a sham fight about once a week, but have never yet had so much as a smell of a real one. Have the War Office by any chance mislaid them and forgotten their existence? No wonder the home boys when on a route march have begun to sing, "We are Fred Karno's Army, what earthly use are we?"

Put a "John Bull" Pen in his Christmas parcel. See Coupon page 20.

Down in Dorchester.

A Dorsetshire newspaper denies that the people of Dorchester have subscribed to provide gramophones for the Germhun prisoners, and goes on to state that "the attitude of Dorchester people towards the prisoners of war has always been scrupulously correct." We have reliable information negativing the second statement, for we are assured that the captive Huns have been lionised and actually admired. If no gramophones have been provided for them, we should have been glad had the denial come to us in a more direct form. It is our wish to give a fair and just hearing to both sides of a case, but the opportunity has not been given to us in this instance.

Smith of Golder's Green.

Golder's Green used to have a Germhun baker named Ludwig Henkl, but when the name over the shop was changed to Smith & Co., the Green thought it was rid of him. Henkl had, however, become naturalised on 14th July, 1914, and he explains that he had not done so before because he is such a busy man. On a Zeppelin night recently a bright light was shining from the bakehouse window of Smith & Co. It was, said the police, a 40 candle-power incandescent light, unshaded; a window was open and partly unscreened. A witness described the window as screened, but a V-shaped piece had been torn off. Another witness said the light was like a searchlight, and nobody had seen it before. A man on the premises, mending an oven, was summoned, and Henkl was also summoned for permitting that dangerous illumination. He said he knew nothing about it and was in bed at the time, but the Hendon Magistrates fined him £25 and costs. And not too much.

Glasgow after Dark.

Our "Candid Communication" to the Glasgow Chief of Police was not penned too soon. Those gangs of roughs who prowl about after dark are an actual menace to life and limb of peaceful people. One, we note, has been pulled up. A young dock labourer, he is said to be. He quarrelled with a man in a public-house, seized him by the throat, threw him on the floor, and kicked him. After he was ejected, a special constable followed him, with a view to his arrest. He turned on the constable, assaulted, and lamed him. He admitted both charges, there were twelve convictions against him, and he was sent to prison for 60 days. Now that young hooligan thirsts for a fight, and a term in the Army might change him from a brute into a man. We think he should be given the opportunity. If he preferred to remain a brute, then 60 days in gaol is not enough. He should be sent to the Assizes, for a long term of penal servitude.

"The Better the Day——"

Mr. Fred A. Wilshire is a barrister who devotes much of his time to entertaining soldiers at his own expense. One of his specialties is a lecture, already given to over 100,000 soldiers on Salisbury Plain, on the subject of Germany's War Plans, as revealed in Bernhardi's book. He arranged to repeat this lecture at Keynsham, and several ladies consented to sing in between whiles. But the naughty man fixed this for a Sunday evening, after Church hours. It was a free entertainment, but there was to be a silver collection entirely for the benefit of the Red Cross. So, of course, the local clergy promptly objected, Sunday being Their Day. Both Vicar and Curate kicked—were we not polite, we would say they snorted—at the notion. Actually, on the Sunday evening, the said Curate "hoped no Church people would attend." But we are glad to say that, despite bad weather and the ban of the Church, there was a fine attendance and a most useful sum gathered for the Red Cross. So much for clerical narrow-mindedness.

Women, Work and Wages.

If the Government want to encourage women to engage in national service they will have to stop this sort of thing. Recently an East End firm had among their employées a girl engaged on equipment. At first they paid her a fair wage. Finishing one contract and accepting another, they required the girl to work at a price at which she could not afford to work; that is to say, 3s. 6d. a dozen, 1s. 5½d. being deducted for thread. She handed in her notice, but on expiry the firm declined to give her a permit to work elsewhere, and she cannot obtain other work without one. Obviously this is not only unfair, but mean and spiteful. A firm who are making high profits on contract ought not to be permitted to restrict an employée in her right to work elsewhere when they will not pay her adequate wages.

The Crime Unpardonable.

A new and heinous crime was added to the calendar when those omnipotent Liquor Controllers decided that to allow a man to pay for any drink beyond his own was an awful and unforgivable offence. A barman at Grimsby, disregarding the dread decree of Lord d'Abernon, that modern Jupiter, stupidly allowed a soldier to "stand Sam" when he, some comrades, and a sailor were having a sing-song. The poor barman was foolish, but it was the sense of friendship and brotherly chumminess that led him to err by serving several drinks and permitting one person to pay for them. The Magistrate, we regret to say, would accept no excuse, and would impose no fine. He sent the barman to gaol for 28 days. It was a merciless decision—far too severe for a first offence and a new "crime." Should there be any repetition of so dreadful a deed, we almost fear that Magistrate will put on the black cap for the next criminal.

The Colonel's Fears.

Lieut.-Colonel H. L. Battersby has been in communication with the Nottingham Guardians concerning a suggestion by the War Office that soldier patients at the overcrowded hospital should be treated as out-patients and accommodated in hotels or houses near by. To this the gallant Colonel rejoined that "it would give rise to great irregularities on the part of the patients, and possibly trouble from their misbehaviour, from which they had been singularly free." We wonder whether Colonel Battersby realises how much he hurts the men's feelings by so unkind, so thoughtless, a remark. There has been no misbehaviour; why should he expect it if some men were lodged next door to the hospital instead of inside? If such doubts do trouble his martial mind, if he knows his men no better, he has but to place them on their honour, and then he will suffer no disappointment. But it is silly to insult them—and so cruel.

A Dog Fight.

Mr. Davey is Chief Constable of the Borough of Bridgwater. He owns a dog, and so did his near neighbour, Mrs. Kelly. We have it on reverend authority that dogs delight to bark and bite, and we are assured that such is their nature, but Mr. Davey must have forgotten the moral and poetical lessons learned in his youth. For, when his tyke and Mrs. Kelly's fought a battle royal at the lady's back-door, he was unwise enough to trespass upon her garden and, still more stupidly, to lay out her dog with what must have been a deuce of a clump upon its nut, delivered with the top end of a garden fork. Bridgwater rang with the story, and all sorts of accusations were flung about, but we are happy to record that the dog did not die, his knock-out being but temporary. Mr. Davey has to pay two guineas by way of damages, and he deserves to, for a Chief Constable should know that, when his dog trespassed, it was not for him to trespass also. He gave way to his wrath, whereas he should have let it simmer down.

Do you want a fine plump turkey for Christmas? See page 28.

Brave, the Vicar!

Hats off to the Vicar of Broomfleet, near Hull, who though over age and only recently recovered from a serious illness, has offered his services for work in the Army Service Corps or as a chaplain for Roumania. Example is better than preachment.

Britain for the—Alien Enemy.

A true-born Scotsman, native of Aberdour, applied to the Licensing Court for the Dunfermline district, for an extension of his hotel licence to seven days. The voting of the Court was equal, but the Chairman surlily gave his casting vote against the application, although it was openly stated that an alien enemy held a full hotel licence and carried on his business in the same village. It is annoying to know that a good Scotsman should be placed at a disadvantage on his native heath by unfair privileges granted to a rival. That is bad enough in itself, but worse remains behind when the favoured rival is an enemy alien, who should never be permitted to hold a licence in Aberdour or elsewhere, whether for seven days or seven minutes.

Not Fit Company.

We like the spirit of a man who tells us that one son of his is in the Navy, while another dear lad was recently killed in France. Where the father showed his spirit was in throwing up his job at the Royal Victoria Yard, S.E., after a year and eleven months, because he refuses any longer to work beside young men who are fit and strong enough for the ranks. They ought to be doing their bit, he rightly says, and middle-aged and old men could easily do the work they are engaged on. As a middle-aged man himself, he was perhaps rather illogical in leaving the young slackers in possession, but his indignation was too strong to worry about logic, and we can but admire him for shaking the dust off his feet and getting himself out of company obnoxious to him. May his reward be a better job!

Reading and the Worker.

There seems to be a general decision, all over the country, to close free libraries one hour after sunset, or even earlier. In view of Zepps, and of dear coals and light, and so on and so forth, this fiat is fairly reasonable in districts where the man who goes to work has a wife or children who can change his books during the day. But it is hard lines in a quarter like, say, Birkenhead, where some 12,000 or 14,000 working men are employed in one big shipyard. Their library closes at six, and will probably soon close earlier, so they have no chance whatever of seeing book, magazine, or newspaper, except on Saturdays. For men in such districts, the libraries should make special provision. In more easy-going towns and suburbs the early closing is only an inconvenience. To them it is deprivation.

An Unkind Arrest.

Justice is represented as blind, and very often is so, but sometimes it is far too wideawake when it ought to wink the other eye. A discharged soldier was brought up at Dartford Police Court for acting as a pedlar without having a licence. The man is a cripple; he has a pension of 18s. a week, but he also has a wife and family. Wishing to earn a little for their support, he bought a stock of postcards and started to sell them, thinking he might do so without permit or licence, just as people sell newspapers. An eagle-eyed, but nosey, policeman saw the poor chap committing his deadly crime and fearlessly arrested him in the act. The fine was only 2s. 6d., but it need not have been anything had the policeman been sensible enough to give the man the tip that a licence was necessary. It would have been a kind action on his part, but apparently he was not born that way.

What's o'Clock?

It is quite evident that plenty of clocks of Germhun origin are continuously arriving here. On the back of the metal there is a stamped statement that the articles are made in a friendly or allied country, but the fronts of the cases are of Germhun manufacture and so are the inside movements. The importers somehow obtain certificates of origin, but it is alleged that the officials who grant these certificates must be blind to the real nature of the goods. The wholesale prices of the clocks are more than double pre-war prices, and the profits are proportionately large. It is for the Customs officials to prevent the money getting back to Germhuny by more thoroughly testing the genuineness of these certificates of origin. We have a little more information at their disposal should they decide to act.

Easy Eavesdropping.

A discharged soldier, with a practical knowledge of telegraphy, tells us that, by standing in a Post Office or near a telegraph office, he can, with the greatest ease, read the messages as they are sent out. Listening to the instruments at work, he discovered what troops were to be shifted from Somewhere in Suffolk to Elsewhere in Surrey. He stood and heard tapped out the cancelling of the movement of the ——th Provisional Battalion from *So* to So-and-So. He has heard at different places orders for aeroplanes to practise at such a time and in such a manner. "I can tell you," he says, "the length, breadth, and weight of a Tank; how many guns, their size, and the number of her crew." If these things *are* so easily discoverable by any person with a knowledge of the code, a silencer seems necessary, or a sound-proof box for the operator to work in.

Help Needed Quickly.

Who, if you please, is responsible in a monetary sense to the victims of an explosion at a chemical factory, when they were working on the premises of a Company, but paid by the Ministry of Munitions? It happened at Blank, in Essex; a few were killed and many injured. Compensation is refused by the Company and by the Ministry. Sincerely we trust that some M.P. with a heart will take up the matter for the poor injured fellows lying helpless and moneyless, worrying for their own sakes, but more so because of wives and families. One poor chap with six children is parting with his home because his position is so distressful. He has a piece of concrete still in his skull, and there are about 30 other sufferers craving for a hand to help them. The local Member will, we hope, move in the matter, and we beg other Members to aid—or lead.

Hubby's 'Baccy.

All the way from Brighton to Dover a soldier's wife sent her good man a parcel of 'baccy and a postal order to buy sherbet with—total value, 5s. 6d. Being such a great distance, the little package from home went astray. She had taken a receipt at the P. O., and she has it still, but that is all she has got, for the G.P.O. tells her "they can trace no fault to the Post Office, as in the ordinary way it would be delivered to the Military Orderly." So hubby has to go longing for his weed and his sherbet, and wifie is wondering how she can squeeze another 5s. 6d. out of her allowance of 25s. for self and four kiddies. We know a "receipt" does not "register" a parcel; it is merely "proof of posting"—not of delivery, for this loving gift was never delivered at all. We can only beg soldiers' wives to register their parcels, for the P. O. sticks to its rules and has no heart. We verily believe that if the Angel Gabriel were to send to earth a message announcing the Last Trump, in the event of non-delivery St. Martin's-le-Grand would deny liability because the notification was not registered!

What is home without a copy of "Everywoman's"?

Another Business Candidate.

We are glad to see that Mr. C. F. Higham, so well known in the advertising world, has decided to stand for Parliament. Good luck to him!

"Combing Them In."

Apropos of our recent par, under this heading, we are glad to learn that the age for candidates for Civil Service examinations has been altered to 16-17, in order to keep out the "nearly eligibles." Good.

Masonic.

Herr von D. M. Mason, M.P. for Coventry, declared at a recent meeting in his constituency that he refused to resign his seat when called upon by all the local political leaders to do so, "because his contract was with the electors." Then why not call a meeting of the electors on his own? But did those "leaders" represent the electors when they "selected" him?

A Hint to the P.M.G.

We notice in the current Telephone Directory the entry: "Lee Green 1661; Vornberger, Charles, 'Bavaria,' Eliot Place, Blackheath." As the Postmaster-General reserves to himself the right to refuse to insert in the Directory anything which he may consider objectionable, we suggest that he should at once exercise his power in regard to the name of that suburban mansion.

The Boys and the Billet.

A Hadleigh landlady who has had "thirty-six of the nicest boys" billeted on her at different times, says that "what with meat at 1s. 6d. a pound, bacon at 1s. 6d., and butter at 1s. 10d.," she doesn't see where she is going to get a bootlace out of the billet money, let alone furs. She not only gives the boys supper, which she is not bound to do, but also pie and pastry. "Some I shall never see or hear of again," she says, "they for have 'gone West.' I could never be mean with a Tommy." As the poet hath it, "Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Going to Bath.

The Bath Electric Tramways, Ltd., advertise their need for smart young conductresses. The work is for a week of 60 hours, and the wage offered is 17s. 6d. It is a measly sum, and, as the men whose places are taken by the girls used to receive about 10s. more, the Company appear to be making a profit out of the patriotism of their employees of both sexes. It is also suggested that the girls do not always receive the full 17s. 6d., for the ten hours' day, for various reasons, is not always worked. 3½d. an hour is not sufficient to pay a girl for work of a rough kind.

And No Income Tax.

Another of the Co-ops which appears to be doing itself well is the Stratford Co-operative Stores, whose last balance-sheet—for a period of 13 weeks—shows a turnover of £271,523. The two most significant items, having regard to the continual rise in prices, are a profit of £1,190 in the dairy department and £1,284 on coal. Yet we always understood that people dealing in the lacteal fluid and black diamonds lived on their losses.

Heligoland.

We have often commented upon the stupendous folly which led us to give up Heligoland to Germany. She had been after it for years, as these verses from *Punch* of June 24th, 1871, show:—

Though to rule the waves we may believe they aspire,
If their Navy grow great, we must let it;
But if our British island they think to acquire,
Bless their hearts, don't they wish they may get it!

But even poets are not always true prophets!

The Official Pay Sheet.

Eastbourne ratepayers, or some of them, are waking up to the bigness of the salaries paid to certain Borough officers, to wit, the Town Clerk, Medical Officer, Surveyor, and Accountant. A neat and telling table has been printed and distributed, comparing Eastbourne's expenditure under those heads with six other seaside towns. For the services of the gentlemen indicated, the charges at Eastbourne come to 1s. 3½d. per head of population, as compared with 5½d. per head at Brighton. Put it in another way, and the proof is that Eastbourne pays 181 per cent. per head more than Brighton does. The leaflet giving these figures is a vigorous production, and seems to promise some liveliness in the Borough.

Old and Childless Now.

There is a poor old lady at Jarrow; her age is , and she takes in lodgers. Knowing nothing whatever about the Registration Order, she did not dream of registering three men staying in her house, and she had to go to Court. We daresay she is illiterate, and she pleaded utter ignorance, so she was asked had she no sons who might acquaint her of her duty. And her pitiful reply was that "she got word on Wednesday that her son had been killed at the front." It rasps one's feelings to read she was promptly fined 10s. "God bless you!" cried the stricken old soul; "you are going to fine me 10s. Well, you will do without it. I will go to gaol for it." We do hope not; 73, in distress, her son just slain—surely that old lady has *not* gone to gaol?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Fine Whitstable Oysters. The SAME OYSTERS which have given the greatest satisfaction to so MANY PEOPLE."

"POULTRY WORLD":—
"I have sung the praises of Buff Orps. ever since . . . . They grow quick, forage well, lay well, the EGGS are nice size, VERY QUIET, and they are so NOISELESS."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—
"Mr. Wing, who appeared for the defendant . . . pointed out that his client COULD NEITHER READ NOR WRITE . . His client HAD WRITTEN so far back as August last for permission to remove a stack of hay. . . . He had WRITTEN SEVERAL TIMES SINCE."

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER":—
"Standing there on the deck the CHEERS of the DEAD mingled with the cheers of the living."

"GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"Rooms, girls, bath; ALSO SHARE, MAN."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Superior Large Rooms (Furnished) To Let; suit officers and wives, OR married couples."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—
"His voice was very low, yet to my EYES it SOUNDED LOUD."

"YES OR NO":—
"Clarke caught the can, and holding it to the light, HURRIEDLY opened it. He was AS SLOW AS HE COULD BE ABOUT IT."

"DERBYSHIRE TIMES":—
"Several CHIMNEY POTS were dislodged and others RENDERED UNTENABLE."

"ABERDEEN FREE PRESS":—
"The CROWN PRINCE of Sweden yesterday morning GAVE BIRTH TO A SON."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"For Sale . . . . 14 Black Leghorn HENS (MALE birds)."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—At the recent Lord Mayor's banquet you easily carried off the palm for oratory. Nobly eloquent were your references to the necessity for decisive victory, to be followed by a firm and lasting peace—such a peace "as will build upon a sure and stable foundation the security of the weak, the liberties of Europe—a free future for the world." I can imagine the tumultuous cheers with which this pronouncement was greeted—and yet I am not entirely satisfied! I could wish that you had been a little less eloquent and a little more explicit. When are you going to pronounce that "Sentence of Death"?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Dunn, Lord Mayor of London.

MY LORD MAYOR,—Hearty congratulations upon your accession to the historic office of Lord Mayor. May it fall to you to read from the steps of the Mansion House the Declaration of Peace—Peace with Honour—and may I be there to see.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart., Ex-Lord Mayor of London.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Now that your reign in the City is over, I beg you to permit me a word of farewell. On every hand it is agreed that, in circumstances of exceptional responsibility, you have well and faithfully discharged the duties of your office. Your spirited effort in the recruiting field is especially remembered, and, indeed, it is no idle compliment to say that in every department of civic affairs you have evinced a keen sense of public duty. Your successor in office can crave no sounder inspiration than your distinguished example. Here's your very good health—and long live the City Corporation!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, D.D.

DEAR BISHOP,—I daresay you know what you are talking about when you say that "ordinary working men do not think much of the clergy"; and I am bound to say that your observation coincides exactly with my own. But in tracing the reasons for this sad state of affairs you are much more frank and modest than priests and parsons in general are apt to be; and upon the whole, I think you have diagnosed the position fairly well. "The clergy," you think, "can hardly claim to have taken pains to place themselves in deep sympathy with the masses of the people." Too true, I fear; but you hope for big improvements in the near future, and so does the Bishop of London. Good luck!

JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Mee, Esq., Journalist, London.

SIR,—As a tame moralist and a magazine scribbler for children, you have always seemed to me a fairly harmless sort of person; but in your present campaign for the prohibition of the Liquor Trade you appear in a more sinister light. In common with most "reformers" of your kidney, you seek to bolster up a false position by rash and reckless statements—as, for instance, that "the Drink Trade has prolonged the war by many months"—a disgraceful perversion of truth, comparable only with your further assertion that "drink has done more harm than all the German submarines." Have you forgotten what happened to Ananias?

JOHN BULL.

To J. G. Branston, Esq., Member of the County Council, Notts.

DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised at your describing as "an infernal shame" the action of the Government in taking over the new buildings erected in connection with the Midland Agricultural and Dairy College at Kingston to quarter in luxury Germhun officers and their servants. The buildings have cost many thousands of pounds. Already, it seems, 100 Germhun officers with 40 or 50 servants have arrived there, and a further consignment is expected shortly. Do you mind inquiring how they are off for wine and cigars and what I can do for them in the way of cushions and perfume? Remember, we are renowned the world over for our kindness to animals.

JOHN BULL.

To Arnold Lupton, Esq., Ex-M.P. for Sleaford, Lincs.

SIR,—In your defence to the charge of having published a pamphlet which prosecuting counsel described as "poisonous and prejudicial to recruiting," you made frequent professions of your patriotism, and I suppose you brought the Herr Philip von Snowdenstein into Court to guarantee it. All I will say on such professions is that if you love your country you show it in a strange way. A copy of the pamphlet which you were charged with writing and circulating is in my hands, sent to me by a British soldier abroad, and to my mind you cannot charge Mr. Bodkin with excess of terms in describing it as "poisonous." It was capable of doing mischief; you intended it to do mischief; and while it circulates it will continue to do mischief. In Germhuny the writer of such a pamphlet would have found himself judged and sentenced with a severity on which I will not speculate; here you escape gaol and get off with a fine and costs of £252 10s., a monetary penalty which I hope is not inadequate to teach you the lesson that in time of war patriotism does not take its law from men whose writings scarcely distinguish them from our enemies.

JOHN BULL.

To Rosalind Countess of Carlisle.

WICKED WOMAN,—However came you to reconcile with your conscience your infamous act in pouring the whole of the contents of the wine cellars at Castle Howard into the ground? Have you never heard of Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes where, under medical advice, wounded soldiers would have derived untold benefit from that which you wilfully destroyed. Or couldn't you have sold the lot and given the proceeds to the Red Cross? Do you really imagine that your mad conduct has achieved *any* good purpose? What would you say if a fanatical vegetarian countess were to destroy wilfully all the cattle on her estate—just because she regarded the consumption of meat as either injurious or sinful? Go and hide your ungracious countenance in shame, or get into the nearest lunatic asylum—you *un*fair Rosalind.

JOHN BULL.

To Edward Parker, Charles Velle, and Henry Davis, Marle Hill, Prestbury.

BOYS,—You are three of the most ferocious little brutes I have ever heard of. To take the statement of one of you, and it was in accord with the facts admitted by you all: "We all helped to catch the cat, and I tied it up with string and held it while Parker struck it several times with a stick till its eyes fell out." At the Police Court the Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. added that the cat was not caught till the following Sunday, when it was shot; that is to say, for a whole week the poor creature was running about the village with its eyes out. Do you know what I would do to you if I were a Prestbury Magistrate and had the power? I would order a policeman with a birch to whack you so that you wouldn't be able to sit down to meals for a week. As it was, the Magistrates inflicted on you a paltry fine of 5s. each; no punishment to you, for your parents will have to pay it. You will assuredly come to a bad end if you don't find other things than dumb, defenceless animals upon which to satiate your horrible ideas of "play."

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Will Thorne, M.P.

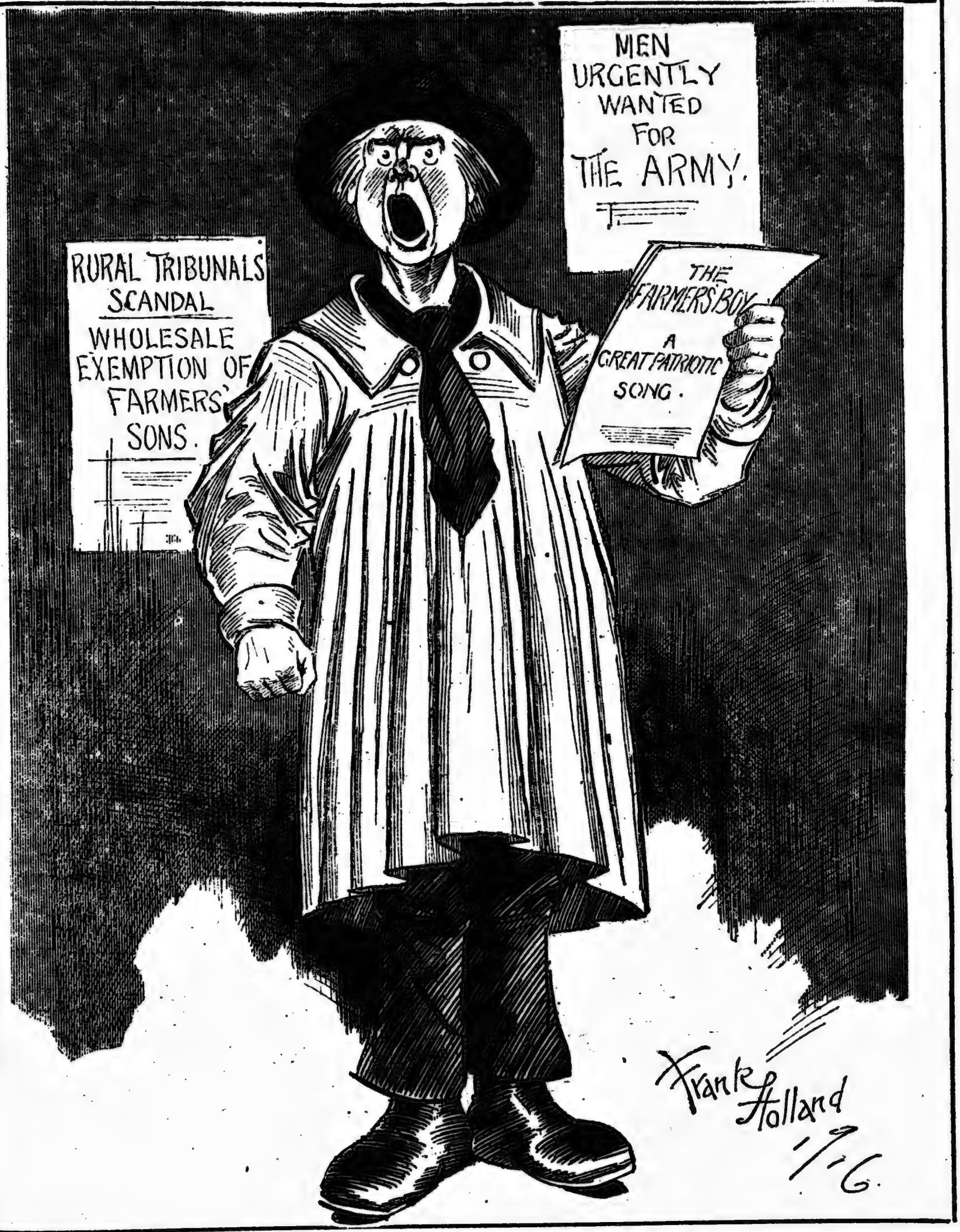
DEAR THORNE,—It appears to me that in directing attention to the extortionate cost of food, and pleading for a more vigorous Government policy in the matter, you are fulfilling the true *rôle* of a "Labour representative" at this time of crisis, and in the main I warmly sympathise with your efforts. You will, I am sure, allow me the credit of having been among the first to warn the Government of the danger of an acute food shortage; and it is with peculiar pleasure that I welcome your co-operation in a task that has grown to needless dimensions through official procrastination and delay. But we must keep on pegging away.

JOHN BULL.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

(NEW VERSION.)

(This chorus may be sung before Rural Tribunals without fee, or by soldiers on the march anywhere.)



Although the nation is at war
I do not think it's right
To ask a man of twenty-four
Like me to go and fight;

My father he has taken me
Into his own employ,
And away from the fray I mean to stay
And be a farmer's boy.

LABOUR'S GOLDEN DAWN.

WORKERS, WHILE READY TO DIE, DEMAND "THE RIGHT TO LIVE."

By C. B. Stanton, M.P.

IF there is one part of the country more than another which has been besmirched and defamed by Syndicalists and sedition mongers, it is the great industrial area of South Wales. Yet how little this camarilla of Ishmaelites represents the masses of the workers of South Wales my election for Merthyr Tydfil by a crushing majority surely demonstrated beyond the possibility of cavil. What were the questions that I put to the electors at that critical period? I asked them whether they were against their country or for their country. I asked them whether they were in favour of a shameful and premature peace with the butchers of Belgium. I asked them, these hardy Welshmen, amongst whom and for whom I had worked all my life, whether they were prepared to be traitors to that cause of nationality to which the whole history of Wales has been a tribute and a testimony. And they gave their answer unequivocally, emphatically, crushingly. These were the men, mostly, who all their lives had worked in the pit, who daily and hourly were exposing themselves to the risk of death under the most horrible conditions in order to rescue from the bowels of the earth that commodity without which the whole complex mechanism of the modern State would be brought to a standstill. They had been told again and again that they had nothing to fight for; that they owned not a yard of the land which was their Motherland; they had even been told by clever, specious, and unscrupulous writers and speakers that it would make no difference to them whether King or Kaiser reigned over them. And yet none has borne a more splendid record than the boys from the Welsh Hills.

Something to Fight For.

Why, then, have they so fought, and why are they still determined to go on fighting until victory is ours? Because they *have* something to fight for; some heritage to protect, to make greater and grander their children and their children's children. The men who say that they have nothing to fight for spit on the memory of their fathers and their forefathers, deride and decry all that Welshmen, all that Britons, have battled for and won in the past; and they would drag down this country of ours to the level of the land of the Huns. They are not only traitors to their country, but to every principle of liberty and to every right of nationality the wide world over. What have we inherited? They tell us that we, who have inherited poverty and degrading social conditions, are landless men; like skilled musicians, they play perpetually on the sadder strings of our social life. I call my comrades to witness that no one has denounced social inequalities more than I have, but that is no reason whatever why we should deride and hold cheap all the great privileges and rights that belong to the British workers. There is no country on earth so free as England, not even the two great Republics of France and the United States. There is no land under the sun where the individual rights of liberty of thought and liberty of action are so amply vindicated, not only by the laws but by every tradition of the race. There is no nation in which the power to reform and ameliorate social conditions is so absolutely in the people's hands whenever and wherever the people choose to exercise it. There is no State which offers such bounteous opportunities to all her sons, either in the Motherland or in those broad and splendid Commonwealths beyond the Seas, to carve out for themselves a future of ever-growing prosperity. Look over to the Continent to-day—look over to the lands ruled by the Huns. Thousands upon thousands of Belgian civilians are at this very hour being forced like slaves to build entrenchments for the German soldiery against their own countrymen. Look at Poland. With a refinement of hyprocrisy, the autocrats of Germany and Austria have proclaimed a new partition of Poland—that unforgettable crime of the bad old times—not in order to free the Poles, not in order to vindicate their national rights, but in order that the German military machine may also lay the hands of the slave driver on the conquered, and force them to fight on the side of Germany against their Slav brothers. Look at Germany itself, with the long and dismal record of preventive arrests. Thousands upon thousands of Germans flung into prison because the German police suspect that some amongst them may be thinking rebel thoughts against their Imperial Over-lord.

Sacrifices to be Repaid.

The measure of the workers' determination to see this war through is the sacrifices they have made of everything they have fought for. A class that has thus conquered itself, vanquished its prejudices, and trusted to its fellow countrymen, is now marching to the conquest of the universal oppressor. It is doing so in no spirit of vain-glory, but with the determination that more than all that it has thus sacrificed shall be won back for it and for the generations that are to follow. I am frequently asked by my good friends of the employing classes why Trades Unionists in the days before the war made stipulations for a limitation of output; made restrictions on the labour of their members; were so hard on the "blackleg." Broadly speaking, these restrictions were made, and this right of ca' canny vindicated, for a very obvious reason. What guarantee had the manual worker who had nothing but his labour-power to sell, that the more he "speeded-up," and the greater his output, the quicker any given market would not reach a condition of glut and the quicker he would not be flung out of employment? And not only this, but the higher the level of his productive power, the harder the conditions of industry would be for the less physically fit amongst his class and the lower the *average* of remuneration as spread over the whole of the employed class.

The Hope of the Workers.

My political economy has been learnt in a rough, practical school, but I have read enough to have seen somewhere that a great political economist, Ricardo by name, laid down what he called the "iron law of wages," in which he affirmed that the wages of the manual class constantly tended to the level of the minimum of existence. Was Ricardo wrong? Let the employing classes answer. In so far as the British worker has escaped from that minimum, he has escaped from it only by combination and by gradually forcing up the standard of life. I frankly confess I am one of those who have become convinced that this limitation of output is unsound economically and a weakness to the nation. Subject to conditions of the physical well-being of those engaged in industrial pursuits, it must be abolished for peace as it has been abolished for war. But the worker must be assured against all the perils of speeding *up* of productivity. We want the national recognition of a national standard wage, together with the abolition of unemployment by the intervention of the State in great works of public utility, which will absorb the army of casual labourers and those engaged in seasonal trades. If the workers gain this, and this alone, the war will not have been fought in vain, nor the boys in the trenches, God bless them, have made sacrifices for nought!

OUR PERIWINKLE POLITICIANS.

FOR ALL THAT IS SACRED, WAKE UP AND WIN THE WAR!

By A. G. Hales.

FOR my soul's sake, I cannot understand the attitude of our people towards this present Government. Weak and unstable as water though they be, the politicians in power seem to have the public hypnotised. On every side one hears complainings and revilings, cursings and discontent; yet no move is made in determined fashion to rid the country of the incubus. They nourish and keep alive enemy banks and places of business; they cripple the activities of the Navy, which could and would have ended the war a year ago; they still blow hot and cold in Greece, and bring us into contempt the wide world over; they say they want more men for the Army, and are afraid to tackle the black and brown man problem even when the coloured races are clamouring to serve; they harry and drive small traders to ruin, whilst they utilise only 300,000 men out of India's population of *three hundred and fifty millions*; they scarcely touch Africa, though in the Unions alone there are four millions of great fighting breeds; they wrangle about Ireland like parrots learning to talk, and advance no scheme to content that splendid people and bring them root and branch into the Empire's war; they neglect the soldiers who have served and fought with honour and have been drafted out of the Army as unfit for further use; they even in war-time go on granting pensions of thousands of pounds per annum to judges who have been drawing magnificent salaries for best part of a lifetime; they exempt, or permit to be exempted, from national service lusty young men with good banking accounts—and force poverty-stricken men with large families into the fighting service, knowing their wives and children must become paupers if the breadwinners fall. In a period long over two years of warfare, they have done nothing worth while to organise the trade and commerce of the nation for the war after the war. They have not, in any single Government department where the young "silvertails" lurk, turned the eligibles out and filled their places with one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed men who have fought and suffered for the country.

Muddle at Home and Abroad.

For two years they refrained from passing a measure to give every man fighting in the Army and Navy a vote, though the men who forsake all to battle for a country are of all men on God's earth the most entitled to vote for its proper government. They have muddled the war from the beginning in every department and in every phase; in the munition departments they pay some three times as much as they are worth, and others they do not pay a third of their value. They muddled up the voluntary system of recruiting and brought about conscription, and they are messing up conscription until it is represented by chaos. In the war zone it has been the same; muddle, mess and muddle. The attack on Constantinople both by land and sea, at the Dardanelles and Gallipoli, was a shrieking series of failures. The "relief" of Antwerp and the attempt on Bagdad were clownish in their utter ineptitude. The men actually engaged to do the jobs were simply sublime, but the inception of the schemes was as theatrical as it was inane—wherever the hand of the Government fell, it fell with the elasticity of mud! They are indeed ripe to rottenness; why not be rid of them and have a new team? They are muddling things in Roumania as in Serbia, and only the glorious courage of Tommy and Jack have so far saved us. They have failed to rise to the exigencies of the occasion in regard to submarine warfare, and have never had the courage, or thought, or statesmanship to dust the floor with the big influential food thieves and freight robbers who have caused everything eatable to go up in price by leaps and bounds. They are fearfully and wonderfully made mentally, these smug, self-satisfied gentlemen of the law; in the midst of a great war, whilst neglecting all that matters, they pass an Act which only last week caused an Englishman to be fined £10 for *treating his own lawful wife to a glass of refreshment*: and yet they dare not give orders to the police, who have sufficient powers to act, to suppress the "hidden plague." They one and all sit on the lap of Mrs. Grundy, and are fed with a spoon, whilst the chances of winning the war quickly are frittered away. They may be *great*—but, judging them by what they have done and have left undone, I think I could pick something greater out of a basket of periwinkles.

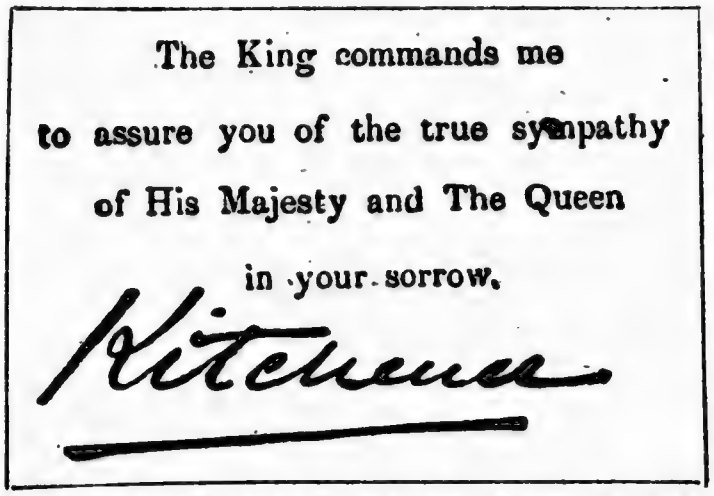
The Latest Blunder.

So many men have been taken from the farms and mines that there is an outcry for labour. Has our Government made one rational move to rectify this? If so, I have not heard of it. They brought lusty soldiers back from the front and returned them to the mines at a time when they themselves announced that the need of *more men in the fighting zone was a vital matter*. Why did they not use German prisoners to do that work in the mines? Why are they not using the Germans in our hands in all kinds of work where labour is scarce? We do not want to make slaves of them, but whilst they are with us they should not eat the bread of idleness. Pay them a fair weekly wage, give them food, clothing and lodging, and deduct the price of it from their earnings—*and keep what money is coming to them until the war is over*, and then pay them the price agreed upon like honourable men. Let no German roam at large—either prisoner of war or interned civilian; let them work in batches under the eyes of old soldiers armed with loaded rifles, the same as I have often seen civil prisoners do in many countries. By this means we could have every acre in Britain under the plough, for there are thousands of prisoners who are eating their heads off in idleness. If the farmers won't have them, let the Government conscript the idle land all over the country and store up against an emergency the grain grown. Remember, bread is tenpence-halfpenny a loaf now, and may soon be a shilling. Put thousands of the prisoners in the coal mines under guard, and pay them piecework wages; let them have what they earn—and as soon as this is known in Germany, troops will surrender by the thousand. It is not fair to make them work in munition-factories turning out shells to slay their own kin; we must not sink to their level. The Germans are making the conquered Poles fight for them; they are making our Allies, the Belgians, work in their fields, and in the fields of Northern France, to grow food for their fighting men and their civil population. What they do to our Allies, we are justified in doing to them—only we must not make slaves; we must pay an honest wage on the terms I have specified. By doing this, we can free many thousands of our own folk to fight, and we can easily keep up our supply of coal and corn. Let us cease fooling with the war and utilise every advantage that comes our way.

WAR OFFICE OUTRAGE TO BEREAVED.

CALLOUS AND CRUEL "CONDOLENCE"—OUTRAGING THE MEMORY OF LORD KITCHENER.

A short time ago we received a letter from one of our readers, Mr. C. H. Drabble, of 66, Queen Street, Rotherham, informing us that his mother, who had been notified on October 4th of the death of one of her sons—Pte. Sidney Drabble—had received an official letter of condolence from the War Office bearing the stamped signature of Lord Kitchener. It will be remembered that in a recent issue we respectfully drew the attention of his Majesty to the fact that such letters were being sent, undated, and from no address, simply signed with the signature stamp of Mr. Asquith, and we assured his Majesty that this callous method of expressing sympathy with the bereaved was causing considerable surprise and pain. Never for a moment, however, did it occur to us that so cruel and casual are the War Office officials in their methods that they are still using old stock bearing the signature of Lord Kitchener. To prevent any possible misapprehension in the matter, we reproduce the exact document which this bereaved mother received. Well may her son observe: "As the letter starts with the phrase 'The King Commands me,' Kitchener is evidently alive"; and we equally agree with him that "this is a typical illustration of War Office muddle." No doubt, after this exposure, Mr. Lloyd George will take steps to see that the old stock of letters of sympathy bearing Lord Kitchener's signature is forthwith destroyed. We say nothing of the culpable negligence of the official who was responsible for this outrage upon the memory of our late War Lord.


The King commands me
to assure you of the true sympathy
of His Majesty and The Queen
in your sorrow.
Kitchener

Facsimile of Letter Posted *on October 4th*, 1916

We at the same time take the opportunity of again directing attention to the cold and comfortless manner in which the King's sympathy is conveyed to the bereaved relatives of his soldiers, by the stereotyped, undated documents bearing the signature of the Prime Minister. Surely communications of this kind might be issued in a little more sympathetic and human manner. Even if Mr. Asquith is unable personally to sign each letter, there must be some official at the War Office who could be found to do so on his behalf.

Indeed, unless these letters of sympathy can be dated, inscribed and signed in a decent and human manner, it would be better to discontinue the practice of sending them out. After all, the wife or mother of a Private is just as sensitive in the matter of war bereavement as are the relatives of Officers, and she is entitled to be treated with equal respect and consideration. We once more respectfully direct the attention of the King to the subject. We are certain that his Majesty will be as pained and indignant at this revelation of official muddle and callousness as are we; and, in the meantime, we tender to Mrs. Drabble, on behalf of our readers and the general public (the two phrases are almost synonymous) a sincere apology for the outrage perpetrated upon her, and our earnest and deep sympathy in the great bereavement she has sustained. But her sacrifice has been in a great and sacred cause—and her reward will come.

TOMMY'S DAILY DIET.

FAIRY TALES ABOUT HIS BILL OF FARE.

As the Central News has circulated a most titillating account of "Tommy Atkins's Rations in War Time," reading rather like a menu of the Savoy, with a dash of "Everything as Nice as Mother Makes It," there is need for a plain record of what Thomas really does get. The highly-coloured version is called an "eye-opener"; as a matter of fact, its writer appears to have shut his eyes to the truth. Let us give the daily bill of fare from one big camp; it is, we believe, a correct copy of the meals at other camps. The princely fare starts at gun-fire, which, nominally, is 6 a.m.; really, it means when the cooks get up. It consists of half a bowl of coffee, tea, or cocoa, unsweetened, and often milkless. Half a biscuit goes with this. Then come the "physical jerks," or Swedish drill, followed by breakfast. That is:—two slices of bread, margarine, and tea, with a very small piece of bacon. The man who secures a square inch of lean bacon is considered lucky. A variation is made three times a week with tinned salmon, one small tin to six men. Once a week each man gets one sausage. Dinner almost always consists of two potatoes, a spoonful of peas or beans, and a spoonful of stewed meat. When there is roast, the piece of meat supplied is usually wasted, being too tough to eat. The last meal of the day is tea, and that is made up of two slices of bread and margarine, with tea. Once or twice a week there is jam, appropriately named "Mixed Fruit." That, if you please, is the actual, correct bill of fare, and nobody can call it luxurious. What becomes of the nice things mentioned in the glowing report alluded to is a mystery, for those eggs, cheese, tapioca, broth, porridge, milk, etc., do not come to table. Neither is that evening "warmer," of "coffee or hot soup before he goes to bed," ever seen by Tommy. As a fact, his dietary is so scanty that the men with money crowd the dry canteen to buy coffee and biscuits, while very many men are obliged to ask for food to be sent from home.

A MEDICAL BLUNDER.

CRUEL CHARGE AGAINST A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

"This is how we treat our heroes," writes a Walthamstow reader, sending us particulars of a case at the Tottenham Police Court, where Alfred Brown, a Holloway munition worker, was reported "drunk and incapable"—a charge which he stoutly denied. It seems that Brown had seen service in Gallipoli, his serious wounds having involved the amputation of a leg and the use of an artificial limb. As many of our readers can testify, first experiments in walking under such conditions are not altogether easy, and at Edmonton one evening Brown had the misfortune to stumble over a kerbstone, sustaining several nasty cuts on the head and face. Before he had recovered from the dazing effects of his fall, a policeman came to his assistance with the apparently friendly suggestion that medical aid should be enlisted, and it was not till the injured man had been taken into the presence of the Police Divisional Surgeon, a Dr. Moss, that the first suggestion of drunkenness arose. Although obviously suffering from the effects of his fall, and confused in his movements by the unaccustomed use of an artificial leg, Brown was certified by the doctor as being "drunk and incapable of taking care of himself," and afterwards at the Police Court Dr. Moss seems to have endeavoured to procure a conviction. From first to last no reasonable doubt was thrown upon the defendant's statement that on the day in question he had entirely abstained from intoxicating liquor. The statements of the accused were confirmed in every detail by the sworn testimony of independent witnesses, while his employers were so convinced of his sobriety that they retained their own solicitor for his defence. Even Dr. Moss was finally constrained to admit that the defendant's "incapability" might possibly have been due to causes other than excess of liquor; and ultimately the Magistrates dismissed the charge, one remarking that "the case ought never to have been brought into court. We cordially agree.

THE POOR AND THEIR SUGAR.

CO-OPS. AND THE "OTHER GOODS" SCANDAL.

Mr. McKenna told the House of Commons the other day that the Sugar Commission will not countenance the "other goods" condition in respect of purchases of sugar if the purchases are not within a limit of 2s. of other goods for every pound of sugar. As we have already revealed, Co-operative Societies' managers all over the country have been demanding an "other goods" purchase to the amount of 3s., and in many cases 4s. That is to say, they have been using sugar as a means of preventing people from making a cheaper or freer purchase of other goods elsewhere. It is beyond our power to voice all the complaints which reach us from the poor. It is always the poor who go short and are kept short and exploited; the well-to-do can get practically all the sugar they reasonably need. A great many people are getting sugar who ought not to be allowed to have it at all. A soap boiler who lives in the East End tells us that while "only this Saturday we sent to the Home and Colonial Stores only to be informed they had none in stock, transparent soap is still being made, and a part of its ingredients is white sugar." Now turn to this wail: "I am a soldier and have had a crime in the Army which has stopped my wife's allotment and she has three children, the youngest nine months old very bad and in convulsions fits and it does not seem as if it will drink its milk without sugar and my wife has just sent my boy to 14 shops and can't get a bit to put in the milk for the baby. If you want sugar you must buy 3s. or 4s. worth of groceries and poor people can't spend it every time they want a bit of sugar." If Mr. M'Kenna means what he says, the Co-Ops. who have been exploiting their customers in the way we have indicated will have to withdraw their circulars and admit that their trick is trumped—and a shameful trick it was.

SHARP PRACTICE.

SOLDIER'S WIFE SHAMEFULLY CHEATED.

A soldier's wife at Wood Green, N., whose husband was shortly leaving for France, was anxious to let her house furnished, in order to escape the burden of rent, and with this end in view she replied to an advertisement in a daily newspaper, and was placed in communication with a Miss Sandy, a lady interested in several photographic concerns. Miss Sandy explained that she wanted to rent a furnished house for six months on behalf of her sister, a Mrs. Barron, and after some preliminary negotiations, including a reference to Mr. R. Cardwell, of Thames Ditton, the house was let to Mrs. Barron—whose husband, a photographer with several businesses in London, guaranteed the modest rental of 21s. a week. Unhappily, it was soon evident that the Barrons were undesirable tenants. Almost from the outset there were delays in the payment of the rent, the soldier's wife being fobbed off with various shallow excuses. Finally, the furnished house at Wood Green was deserted, a substantial balance of rent being left unpaid. The foregoing facts we have been at pains to verify; and there are further circumstances in the case which we regard with grave suspicion. The reference to Mr. "Cardwell" was evidently a hoax. Inquiries at Thames Ditton fail to discover this gentleman at the address stated, the house being occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. "Sandy," who upon various grounds we are inclined to identify with Mr. and Mrs. Barron. There is further occasion for comment in the fact that a document purporting to contain the "agreement" in regard to the furnished house is obviously signed and witnessed in the same handwriting. But the most serious point is that a soldier's wife has been robbed by sharp practice of some eleven weeks' rent, and this fact may serve as a starting point for closer inquiry.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

"D'ye 'ear, just shut that shop,
For that's the bloomin' lor;
You take it from this slop
That's 'ow to end the war."

"Here did I sit and wait
Whilst 'Bosses' did the 'stump';
Waal, now I know my fate—
The cat has done its jump."

"Good doggie! Upon my word,
To coax you is a puzzle:
You really are absurd
To think I'd use the muzzle."

When fanatics, passing rich,
Would rob the earth of joys,
They waste God's vintage, which
Would suit our wounded boys

"What need of votes have they
Because they merely fight?
Our Coalition way
Is one which suits all right."

In this Nigerian sale
We've gone on the wrong sack;
In time the Hun won't fail
To get the whole lot back.

TIME TO S

OUR PATIENCE EXHAUSTED

By THE

CURSE the Coalition! God knows that I have done my best to back it up; but there is a point at which patience and forbearance cease to be virtues. I won't say that they actually amount to crimes, but I am certain that, in present circumstances, they constitute a stupendous folly. We have pampered this Government up to such an extent—surrendering our liberties, one by one, till we are gradually becoming a nation of helpless children, tied to the apron-strings of the State—that, upon my word, Ministers have come to regard themselves as the divinely-appointed guardians of our bodies, our souls, our possessions, our work and our play, our liberties and our lives. They put us to bed; they feed us—on dear food; they give us bad beer and cloudy spirits to drink—when they say we may have them; they shut up our shops; they read our letters; they take away our sweets—but they do allow us fried fish and "chips"! So much for their domestic Government. In Imperial affairs we have been out-manœuvred at every turn. We let Turkey and Bulgaria be bought by Germany: and, instead of kicking Tino off his throne, we palaver and procrastinate with Greece—whilst Serbia and Montenegro are sacrificed, and Roumania is at the eleventh hour dragged in at the risk of her life. And yet I declare that any shrewd man of Business who had gone out to the Balkans at the beginning of the war could easily have got the whole lot of them, together with Turkey, on the side of the Allies. Our Blockade Department is a fraud and a sham; as I showed last week, the strongest official name we can give it is "The Restriction of Enemy Supplies Department." "Restriction" forsooth! The dear Huns must have *some* food and raw material; it would be unkind and un-Christian to starve them out—as *they* did Paris in 1870! Our Admiralty is a disgrace—and it is a marvel that the Navy doesn't revolt against it. The War Office is little better—as witness the muddle and the shuffling over the Military Service question. Only the Munitions Department is any good—*and that is because it depends upon the people, and not the Government.* Parliament itself has become a Screaming Farce—but we must be careful lest, as is apt to be the case in war times, it suddenly develops into a Tragedy. Only the soldiers and the sailors and the workers are saving us from grim disaster. *Curse* the Coalition!

The Mandarins.

Just reflect by whom we are governed. At the head of affairs is a brilliant Oxford scholar, whose best years were spent at the Bar—where men are taught to speak according to their briefs, whatever be the justice of their cases. It has, indeed, recently been laid down by the Bar Council that even if in the course of a murder trial your client's guilt is known to you, you must still go on defending him—and do your best to let him loose again on society! Such is the school in which the Prime Minister, *and most of his colleagues*, were trained. And the Law is called an honourable profession! But be that as it may, how on earth does it qualify a man for the government of a great Business community—for the control of the Navy and the Army, and the conduct of delicate negotiations with the shrewd representatives of foreign countries? You wonder that we were not ready—and were taken by surprise—when the war came? And you marvel at our muddles, even now? Well, consider. During all the vital years which preceded the tragedy, the head of the Army was a philosophical, "spiritual," equity lawyer—just as to-day the head of the Navy is another philosopher, whose mind is a mint of "philosophic doubt"—and who lives with his sister, and plays the piano, they say, divinely! The Foreign Secretary is a pompous and solemn ass; the Home Secretary, an oleaginous, smug, self-righteous prig whilst as to some of the Treasury Bench underlings—ye gods! *have* you seen their faces on the films? I remember the late Colonel North once saying of a certain Minister of the Crown whom he was opposing at an election: "Look at him—I wouldn't give him ten bob a week to lick stamps in my office!" And what we want to-day is men to lick the Huns! Years ago we shot an Admiral, in order, as a cynical Frenchman expressed it, to "encourage the others"; and Napoleon, you may remember, once with his own hands tore off the epaulettes of a defaulting General. But it is neither Admirals nor Generals with whom we are concerned to-day. If any of them *are* at fault, they can be dismissed and replaced. *What are we to do with the Politicians? That* is the question. I confess I am bewildered. I have been trying, so long, to preach the doctrine against swopping horses whilst crossing the stream. But the axiom is restricted to "horses," isn't it? Not asses.) And I have been asking the people to put up with the Government as best they can till the war is over—and to hold an Inquest on them then. But it may be too late. By the way, isn't there a strange—an uncanny—sound to-day in these lines? :—

> You, you, who have the ordering of her fleet,
> *If* you should only compass her disgrace,
> When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
> Will kick you from your place—
> But then, too late, too late!

Yes, I'm afraid we must take matters into our own hands without further delay.

Wanted, a Man.

But how to do it—there's the rub! I often wonder whether one of the mystic purposes of this war may not be to call attention to the fact that we have reached an Age of Mediocrity—to put it plainly, that we have shot our bolt. Where are the great men? We look in vain for even one. "Wanted, a Man" is a hackneyed commercial notice; still, what about exhibiting it on the door of every building in Whitehall and Downing Street, and of the House of Commons? But it must be printed thus: "Wanted, a MAN." Can we find him? I have my doubts. Yet it is worth an effort. Never mind his politics or his creed—Patriotism, Common-sense, Energy and Initiative, and a clear record since the war began, must be the main test of

SPEAK OUT!

—A PEOPLE'S WAR COUNCIL.

E EDITOR.

his fitness. Tennyson knew the kind of Man wanted when, with the prophetic vision of the poet, he saw what was ahead. Just realise his inspiration when he wrote :—

> Ah, God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
> Like some of the simple great ones gone
> For ever and ever by.
> One still strong man in a blatant land,
> Whatever they call him, what care I,
> Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
> Who can rule, and dare not lie.

Well, how and where shall we find him ? It is easy to talk about a General Election, but we have something better to do to-day than waste time and money on that sort of thing. Our best citizens are busy fighting . and, without them, any election would be a sham. And I am all against diverting their attention just now. After all, the virus of Party is still lingering in our blood, and until the war has finally eliminated it I prefer to maintain harmony in the Trenches. Yes, we must discover some middle course, to keep things going till the Kaiser is at St. Helena and the Crown Prince in a lunatic asylum. *Then* we will reorganise our whole system of Government—on a sound, practical, common-sense, Business basis. For the moment we must concentrate on finishing the war, and strengthening, as far as possible, the weak parts of our national machinery.

A People's War Council.

I want to help the Government—not to embarrass it—even though I curse it ! And I now make a suggestion which I am sure would, if adopted, bring a big sense of relief to the public. Leave Parliament and the Cabinet as they are till the war is over—but in the meantime, let us have *A People's War Council*, with full access to all official information, and the right to confer with the Cabinet collectively and with its members individually. It might be empowered even to sit temporarily in Parliament and take part in all proceedings connected with the war. It could, if thought desirable, be elected by popular vote—facilities being afforded to all soldiers and sailors, of full age, to have a voice in its selection ; but, personally, I fa our some simpler form of nomination. Its membership should be limited to about half-a-dozen—and I guarantee that if invited by the Prime Minister to do so, I could submit a list of names which would inspire general confidence, and put renewed heart and soul into our fighting men—and, at the same time, invest the Government itself with a power and prestige such as it has never yet possessed. Come, Mr. Asquith, what say you ? "A People's War Council"—will you accept and welcome it—or shall it be forced upon you ? For, believe me, the people are very much in earnest just now. And, after all, they are your masters, aren't they ? There used to be a legend which told us how in the early days of Gladstone's power he had a stormy interview with Queen Victoria, and that when her Majesty said, "Permit me, Sir, to remind you that I am the Queen of England," the Minister replied, "And permit me, Ma'am, to remind you that I am the *People* of England." Of course, it wasn't true—but, like all legends, it has its moral. And the moral in this case is that the patience of the public is nearly exhausted ; that we are reaching a point at which something *ugly* might occur. Dear bread and Revolution, as I have said before, are somewhat closely allied ; and bereaved mothers and sweethearts are susceptible material.

An Appeal to the Premier.

Be advised, my dear Premier, by an old and sincere friend. Public sentiment is pent up to bursting point. *I have indicated to you the safety valve.* And I am actuated by no other sentiment than that which I know is in your own heart. You have been the victim of cruel slander and suspicion ; and you have answered by the sacrifice of a brilliant son. Your hair has grown white in the honest service of your King—but you are handicapped by training and tradition and environment. You were taught to regard the House of Commons as you knew the Oxford Debating Union—and in times of peace it all wo ked well. I admit that I enjoyed, in pre-war days, your dialectical duels across the floor of the House—but how I used to smile inwardly when you tackled practical affairs of life ! And yet you were master of the House ! I remember how you stepped in and introduced the Budget in the first year of Lloyd George's tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer—just as I remember the collapse of that Minister, a year later, when he took on the job. And yet it was all so simple ! Still, we were living in a Fool's Paradise in those days—and it didn't much matter. To-day, all is different. You are blessed with a wonderful human instinct. It has brought you through many a difficult situation ; but this is your great test—your trial. Rise to the occasion. Call on the People as the King has done ; and, as with him, you will not call in vain. Shall I submit the names for the People's War Council ? Now, my dear Premier, no "official" answer, please. I know it well : "The duty of conducting the war rests with his Majesty's Government, so long as they enjoy the confidence of the country ; when they cease to enjoy that confidence it is for the people to elect others for the task." Sounds so correct and constitutional, and all that sort of thing ; but, again believe me, the People know the game now, and they are in no mood for "juridical niceties." You remember that phrase, don't you ? Come, then, to Business. For something *has* to be done. You know what a phlegmatic person the Britisher is, but the war has proved that the old martial spirit is still latent in his temperament. And, to be quite candid, I don't quite like the look of things at home. If any serious accident *should* occur, on either land or sea—well, I would not guarantee the stability of the State. You observe I am purposely adopting a parliamentary form of expression. We must not speak in *too* plain terms in the present mood of the People. I have means, not open to you, of learning that mood. *Be warned* ; consider my suggestion. Discuss it with the King—whose throne I want to endure for ever.

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THE SOLDIER'S PHILOSOPHY.

TOMMY'S DISMAL SOLILOQUY.

The papers have been publishing the French soldier's philosophy, which runs like this:—

One of two things will happen. *Either* you will be called as a soldier or not.

If you are not, there is no need to worry. If you are, one of two things will happen. Either you will be sent to the front or to a place of safety behind the lines.

If you are in a place of safety, there is no need to worry. If you are sent to the front, one of two things will happen. Either you will be wounded or you won't.

If you are not wounded, there is no need to worry. If you are, one of two things is certain. You will be wounded slightly or else seriously.

If you are wounded slightly, there is no need to worry. If you are wounded seriously, one of two things will happen. You will either recover or die.

If you recover, there is no need to worry; and if you die, you can't worry.

Apropos of this, an English soldier who has left a one-man business, an invalid wife, and a family behind him, sends us *his* philosophy:—

Either you will be called as a soldier or you won't.

If you are, that is an end of your worry for the time being. If you are not, you will be in a sweat wondering when your exemption will be called up for re-examination, and it will last till you are actually in the army.

Either you will be passed for garrison duty or general service.

If you are passed for general service, that is an end to your worries for the time being. If for garrison duty, you will be in a sweat wondering when the authorities will make a new decision and send you to the front. And it will last till you are in the fighting line.

Either you will be wounded or you won't, and either seriously or slightly.

If you are wounded seriously, that is an end of your worries for the time being. If not, you will be in a sweat wondering when you will be, and it will last till you find yourself in hospital with the surgeons looking grave. Either you will die or you will recover.

If you die there is an end of your worries for ever, and it is jolly well over. If you recover you are in the worst sweat of all, wondering whether a grateful country will make proper provision for you or leave you and your family to starve. And this will last—to judge from the way in which the Government is going on—till long after the war is over

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for November 11th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 587,326 and A3 0,422. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

TRADING BY THE TOMB.

PRINTERS WHO INTRUDE ON GRIEF.

Napiers, Limited, Printers, 7, Neville Street, Riverside, Cardiff, enrol themselves among the ghouls who seek their profit from the dead. To the relatives of a fallen soldier lad they write, "We deeply regret to see that you have suffered the great loss of a loved one in this terrible war." Their words almost suggest a personal intimacy, but they are addressed to "Dear Sir, or Madam," and their tears are of the crocodile kind. All they are after is business, and they enclose specimens of funeral cards, bearing the names and portraits of dead heroes, used as bait. They describe their productions as "inexpensive, yet dainty"; we describe them as not cheap, but common, containing doggerel "verses" of the clap-trap variety. We put it to Messrs. Napiers that their commercial intrusion on private sorrow is a breach of good taste, a thoughtless and unwarrantable addition to a grief already poignant. One lady, who has lost her only brother, writes us that she cannot describe her feelings when Napier's "specimens" and letter came to her, and she adds, bitterly, "We do not want such rubbish to remember our darling by." If they could realise the pain they inflict, such firms would adopt other methods of trade, and refrain from pestering mourners in this way.

TURNER'S TRICKERY.

CIVIL SERVICE CLERK'S DUAL ROLE.

The latest enterprise of "Herbert Kaye," who edits a pettifogging sheet he calls the *Prizewinner and Footer Tips*, is astonishing in its audacity. It will be remembered that as long ago as January last we exposed this individual for having endeavoured to bribe two of the first prize winners in our "Bullets" competition to allow him to advertise that he had supplied the effort which had been awarded the great prize, although, as a matter of fact, the competitor had himself evolved the successful line, his overtures being promptly and indignantly rejected. "Herbert Kaye" is now endeavouring to obtain money from entrants for the competition in aid of the Red Cross, in respect of which a prize of £5,000 is offered for forecasting the total number of marriages and births. He states in his publication: "Mr. Kyle Turner, of 24, Carlton Road, Manor Park, Essex, has made a special study of the figures, and will send any reader one forecast for sixpence, or three for a shilling." Now "Herbert Kaye" *is* Kyle Turner—and Kyle Turner is a clerk at Somerset House, who, notwithstanding the rigid prohibition of outside employment for civil servants, carries on this shady business in his spare time. We certainly think that the Registrar-General's attention should be drawn to the fact that a Government official is prepared to place his knowledge and abilities, on a matter within the purview of his Department, at the disposal of any Tom, Dick or Harry who pays him sixpence.

A Close Shave.

IN whatever circumstances, you are always sure of a cool, close shave by using McClinton's Shaving Cream. Just take a small piece of Cream on your finger tips and spread it over the chin. Then lather up with a brush dipped in hot or cold water, and you will find this superlatively rich, penetrating lather immediately softens even the most stubborn beard, and renders your shave a sheer delight.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Cream

In Tubes, 6d. & 1s. Opal Pots, 1s.

McClinton's Shaving Soap is also obtainable in Sticks. Hibernia at 1/- and Exquisite at 6d. each.

FREE.—The Colleen Book of British Beauty

containing six beautifully coloured miniature portrait postcards of famous Bygone Beauties, on receipt of 1d. stamp; or will be sent with a generous sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap for 2d. for packing and postage. McClinton's Ltd. (Dpt. H24), Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone.

Close Shave Series. No. 1.

Don't stint the home of cheerfulness! There's no need! Mazda Lamps make the best light cheapest

DRAWN WIRE

ELECTRIC LAMPS

are unsurpassed for Economy, Brilliancy and Durability. They are

BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY, ENGLAND.

Sold by all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

Mazda Half-Watt Type Lamps ensure the maximum lighting results.

We not only make the lamps but the best fittings for use with them. Ask your Lamp supplier to show you the Catalogues of B. T. H. Fittings.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

Sufficient Cause.

Smith of the Local V.T.C. just arrived at camp—
Please Sir, May I go home?
O.C. Why, Smith, have you had bad news?
Smith. No Sir, I've forgotten my Erasmic Shaving Stick.

"ERASMIC"

ERASMIC
Shaving Stick.
Price 10d

"ERASMIC" Perfumers. London & Paris.

Always carry

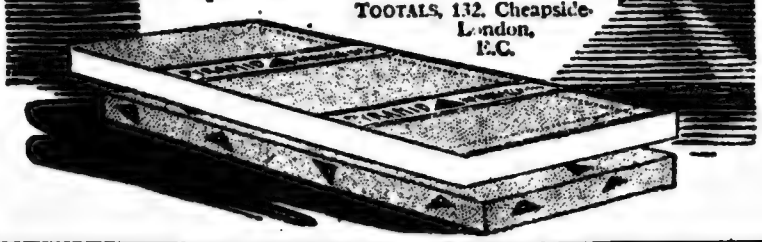
PYRAMID
HANDKERCHIEFS

ONE thing the Boys appreciate in their "parcels from home" is a Pyramid Handkerchief—Khaki Pyramids are so nice to use, and serviceable. Their low pre-war price enables one to be lavish with them, too.

6½d. each 6/6 box of dozen.

Pyramid Label on every Pyramid.

TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.



Bovril gives strength to win

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

Coffee Economy!

It's *sound* economy that enables you to get equal excellence at half the price you ordinarily pay. Milkmaid Café au Lait is the finest coffee you can buy—the easiest to make—*and* the cheapest. To a spoonful of Milkmaid Café au Lait you just add boiling water, and there you are—all complete, no sugar, no milk needed. A sevenpenny tin makes eight large cups of most fragrant and delicious coffee, comparable only with the true French Café au Lait.

MILKMAID
Café au Lait

Leaves no "grounds" for complaint.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores *Cash Price 4d., 7d., and 1/1½ per tin.*

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

A DEVONSHIRE "BABY SNATCHER."

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY CHAPLIN'S BEASTLY RECORD.

Not often has a more disgraceful tale of depravity been told than that unfolded at the Devon Assizes before Mr. Justice Rowlatt, concerning Charles Henry Chaplin, 43, Baptist Minister of Halwell. Not only was this creature convicted of assaulting a number of children of ages ranging from 6 to 11, on various dates from May to October, but it was stated in evidence that for months in Devon and in Cornwall like cases of beastliness had been reported to the police, and there is a warrant out for Chaplin's arrest in connection with three offences in the Stratton District. It was evidently the practice of this pervert in clerical garb to ride his bicycle over the country-side and to make a prey of any innocent children he came across in his tour of vice. Little ones from Lydford, Throwleigh and Stamford Courtney were the victims in the case heard at the Devon Assizes. It appears that this gross besmircher of the now famous name of Charles Chaplin is a native of Great Finsboro', East Suffolk. From 1907 to 1911 he was Baptist Minister at Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, and in the autumn of 1910 and the spring of 1911 "the police received complaints from miles around" of offences against small children. He was arrested more than once, but escaped because the little victims failed to identify him. How he came to be retained in the Baptist Ministry is one of those mysteries which call for explanation. He has now gone to prison for twelve months, and when he comes out he will be "wanted" on other charges. The pity of it is that the "cat" is not available for such a wolf in clerical clothing. Charles Henry Chaplin was artful enough to adopt a disguise when on his unholy trail by taking off his collar and tie and turning down his clerical waistcoat at the corners to form a "V" at the neck. Mr. Justice Rowlatt certainly did not err on the side of severity in sentencing this Baptist "divine," who had trampled in the dust the teaching of the Master he has pretended to serve. But we regret his Lordship, owing to the previous action of the local Justices, made an order for the payment of the witnesses for the defence. Actually this dirty scoundrel had been given legal aid intended only for poor people who cannot secure advice!

"HEADS I WIN; TAILS YOU LOSE."

WINNINGS KEPT AND FURTHER "BUSINESS" COOLLY INVITED.

Robert Burrell, of 50, Wellington Street, Glasgow, says his motto—which he certainly does not act up to—is "Honourable Dealings and Prompt Payments." One of our readers now writes us that he has betted with Burrell for three football seasons. He had never once won, but the bookmaker had regularly received his money. At last, in October, he did win. Instead of the money, which he had most assuredly earned, he got a circular. It is printed to look like a typewritten letter, and it "tells the tale" in the old, disgraceful way. It is addressed "To my Clients," and Burrell says:—"It is impossible to meet the liabilities. . . . I have never known such results against bookmakers. If it were possible to compromise with you I should only have been too pleased to have done so, but even this is impossible to entertain." As he cannot "compromise" with his victims he compromises himself. "I will return all stakes in full, cancelling all commissions. . . . No man with the clientèle that I have got could possibly pay the winnings, which run into thousands of pounds." He has so many customers, you see, that he is obliged to rob them all when they are winners. "It is simply disastrous." It is, for Burrell's "reputation." Yet he has the cheek to say, "I can only be honourable in returning to you what you sent to me . . . It is better to receive your money back than to be robbed of it. I would never do that"! And he goes on with more impudence, "My intention is to carry on business, and those clients who wish me to send Revised Lists please make application for same." It is like a footpad saying, "I've had a lot of your money; here's a shilling of it back, and you will find me still standing on the highway if you want to be robbed again!" Let us hope none of Burrell's clients will be fools enough to trust him with any more commissions after this exhibition of his methods. He has had the hardihood to forward to them a slip reading "Don't write asking a lot of questions, you only occupy valuable time. *Wait and see.* Any commissions sent must be accompanied with cash, no deductions can be made from October 14th winnings"!

The Question

The house keeping purse was never so "hard put" to provide a well supplied table—Quaker Oats solves the problem——

is not how much it costs—but how much good it will do you—and the whole family—particularly the children—Quaker Oats will keep them all fit—and save your money too.

Quaker Oats

OPTIMISM!

KEEP your pecker up and look on the bright side. It's easy enough if you are well.

Should you feel pessimistic, depressed, or blue, most likely you need a tonic—something to put more Vim into you—*id est*, Iron 'Jelloids,' the Reliable Tonic.

Why not start taking Iron 'Jelloids' to-day? They will enrich and strengthen your blood and thus make you feel fit, energetic and bright—well worth the small outlay of 1/3 for a full fortnight's treatment.

Serg.-Major Cummings, late Grenadier Guards, now Instructor of 1st Sportsman's Battalion, writes:—
"Before the war, and while I was training for the World's Championship and World's Walking Record, I found Iron 'Jelloids' the finest tonic and pick-me-up it was possible to obtain."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.

Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A
For Anæmia in Women .....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children .....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.
Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment 1s. 3d. Large size, 3s.

Iron Jelloids No 2A
(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

KEEP

a few breatheable Peps in your pocket when you are out in bad weather, and so have them handy when an attack of sneezing gives warning of a fresh cold. Don't forget to keep

PEPS

at your bedside, and the troublesome cough which keeps you awake at nights and racks your chest in the morning will be promptly got rid of. Don't fail to have Peps

ALWAYS

handy in the nursery. These little tablets will save mothers many an anxious hour by bringing ease and rest to little sufferers from colds, whooping cough or croup. A few

HANDY

Peps tablets will also prove the best safeguard in workshop and munition factory against sore throat, early morning cough and other perils of the germ and dust-laden atmosphere.

Be sure you ot PEPS from your Chemist.

FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box. 1/-
Freeman's
SOUPS & DELICACIES
Watford

TRADE MARK
MOOVOL
Reg'd

Here's an invention that removes Iron-mould in two minutes!

MOOVOL removes Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, &c. Think of the worry it removes too. Don't need to mourn over your best table linen—just smear a few drops of Moovol over the stain, and you can see it disappear. Never injures fabrics, and is non-poisonous. A thimbleful in the rinsing water will entirely remove the YELLOW TINGE from white clothes.

Send 1/2 for a sample at once.

EDGES, Bolton, Lancs.

Sold by all descriptions of Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, Grocers &c. in 6d. and 1/- tubes.

DOOLAN'S DIALOGUES

ABOUT PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTISM.

"Good evenin', Mr. Doolan."

"Sure, an' it's yerself, Casey. I was wunderin' who it was at the dure. Come right into the kitchen, an' let us have a crack beside the fire."

"I was afther thinkin', maybe, Mr. Doolan, as you'd like to join the League of Pathriots wot Callaghan has founded—Jim Callaghan, ye know, down on Wicklow Street."

"Man Casey, d'ye think I'm ould enough to be a pathriot? A man cannot afford to be pathriotic afore he's turned fifty-five. Fifty-five is the minimum age for pathriots."

"It's meself, Doolan, as is surprised to hear you say so. Phwy the divil cannot a lad of twinty be a pathriot as well as a man of sixty or sivinty?"

"Because, Casey, there be two classes of pathriotism, an' it's impossible to belong to both, an' sometimes impossible to belong to one. One is the pathriot who bleeds *for* his country; the other is the pathriot who bleeds his country. Now, if ye're ould enough to belong to the second category, maybe ye can't afford it. If ye're young enough to belong to the first category, maybe the Government won't let you. As I was sayin', no man can afford wid impunity to be a pathriot before he's fifty-five. They may yet call up the men of that age for service abroad, or for sidentary employment in the army, an' thin a pretty pickle I'd be in if I'd been shoutin' pathriotism, an' thin didn't want to be pathriotic at all. Take the case of that renegade Scotchman, McClintock. Sure, he's runnin' six factories at the Government's ixpense, an' plunderin' the people all the while. He's pocketin' profits so fast that he has barely time to rickon up his bank-balance of a Saturday."

"That may be, Doolan, but hasn't he talked hisself hoarse in the cause of the country?"

"Sure an' he has, because he's over sixty an' can afford to be a pathriot out of his profits. 'Would that I were thirty years younger,' I've heard him say at the Guildhall, 'an' I wouldn't be shtandin' but in the forefront rank of the blazin' battle-front.' The ould liar! If he were thirty years younger he'd be claimin' total iximption from the Tribunals because his money-making services were needed by his King and Country. He's given his son—because he had to. An' phwat about our Government pathriots? You watch the poor divils that come back from the front, halt, an' lame, an' blind, heroes broken in the war. Watch them, I say. They fought for pathriotism. God bless them! No, Casey, I won't join your Lage."

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

WHO WILL CONTROL THE CONTROLLERS?

"Room for a little 'un, gents?"

"Why, it's old Bill. Squeeze up a bit, an' make room for Bill. An' 'ow are yer, me old collidge pal? Hope as yer in the pink."

"Pink be blowed! If ever an 'ard-working carman 'ad an overdose of the Prussian Blues, it's yer 'umble. This mornin' when I gets dahn stairs an' looks for my bit of bakin an' an egg, lum'me there weren't nuffink in the cupboard. I shouts upstairs, and Lizer shouts back that she forgot abaht the shops shuttin' at eight. You bet I didn't arf slam the street-door when I went aht. I goes ter a corfee-stall an' 'as a pint o' mahogany-polish, an' two doorsteps disguised in marjerine, an' I never could stand marjerine. Made me feel so queer all ther mornin'. You bet I was leaning against the door o' 'The Green Man' when it opened at twelve. A lot o' my mates comes in presently an' I whisper ter Joe Bradley, wot 'ad given me the winner o' the Big 'Un, 'What?' But bless me, Joe scarcely had time ter say 'Good healf,' when a couple o' splits comes up. I expect the fine will do in all my winnins."

"Lum'me, but yer *were* in luck."

"Then I goes dahn ter the Docks ter fetch a load this afternoon, an' bli'me, when I'm there, if there ain't a rahnd-up, some military chaps tryin' ter cop the slackers. Well, yer know I ain't no slacker, but I didn't 'ave my passports wif me, so hoff they lugged me ter the station an' kept me till the missus fetched my dentification ticket. By the time I 'ad taken the van ter the yard an' bedded dahn the 'orse, it were just on eight. I feels in my 'sky' for my pipe an' baccy, only ter find that I 'adn't enough ter fill a thimble. So I strolls up ter Mrs. Jones' in the Lane for a *hounce*. 'Sorry, Bill,' says she, 'but I carn't serve yer.' 'Wot 'ave I done?' says I, 'I ain't drunk, are I?' 'No, Bill, but yer see it's after eight o'clock an' it's more than I dare do ter sell yer a *hounce* o' baccy.' Nice way ter treat the British working man."

"Have a pipe o' mine, Bill."

"You're a toff. Nah I sharn't git 'ome till after arf-past eight, an' I knows as 'ow Lizer expects me ter fetch 'er a bottle of staht from the boozer, an' she will be disserpointed, fer Lizer ain't one o' them females of the bottle and jug department.

"You're right, Bill, in what yer say. There's too much control, an' they don't control the right parties. Why don't they control the price of milk, an' sugar, an' taties, an' coal, an' everything else wot the poor require? Mark my words, Bill, it's the Controllers themselves as need controlling."

YOU ARE ENTITLED
TO A
JOHN BULL PEN.
For Particulars SEE COUPON

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1 6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1/- EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.
(Nov. 18, 1916.)
P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

£5,000 FOR AN ESTIMATE

To Aid the Funds of The

BRITISH RED CROSS

THE MEAT AND ALLIED TRADES RED CROSS APPEAL HAVE ORGANISED A

GREAT SKILL COMPETITION.

PRIZES:

1st Prize — Lord Kitchener's Letter on the great value of the work of the British Red Cross Society. Or 1,000 guineas in cash — **£1 050**

This sum has been presented by a generous supporter of the BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY.

2nd Prize . . . Cash . . . **£100**

3rd Prize . . . Cash . . . **£50**

4th Prize £25. **5th Prize £15.**

6th Prize £10. **20 Prizes of £5 each.**

50 Prizes of £2 each. **100 Prizes of £1 each.**

The 2nd and other Prizes, amounting to £500, have also been presented by Members of the Meat Trade. The Prize Money, £1,550, has been deposited with Lloyd's Bank, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

£5,000 The British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., Royal Exchange, E.C., has guaranteed to give the sum of £5,000 to the person sending in the exact figures on one form.

HOW TO GAIN A PRIZE.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.—Estimate the total number of Marriages and Births which will be registered as occurring in England and Wales during the year 1916.

"What more attractive basis for a competition could be desired?"—*Evening News.*

"Every competitor will have the satisfaction of knowing that he or she is helping the Red Cross."—*Daily Mail.*

The Prizes will be awarded to those Competitors who send in on One Form estimates NEAREST to the Official Figures. Competitors may send in as many forms as they please, but no Competitor may win more than one prize or part of a prize.

For guidance of Competitors, attention is called to the following returns of Marriages and Births for England and Wales issued by the Registrar-General.

MARRIAGES.	BIRTHS.	MARRIAGES.	BIRTHS.
1912 283,834	 872,717	1914 294,087	 878,672
1913 284,583	 884,390	1915 300,023	 814,527

The Competition will be decided by the returns for 1916, published by the Registrar-General in his Quarterly Return and Annual Summary.

I estimate that the Marriages and Births registered in England and Wales for the year ending 31st December, 1916, will be as follows:

MARRIAGES..... | **BIRTHS**.....

I agree to abide by the Rules of the Competition and to accept the decision of the Chairman of the Committee as final and legally binding. Postal order for 1/- enclosed herewith.

(Signed) Full Name .....

Address .....

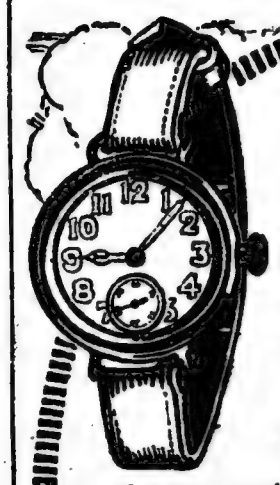
To "Competition," Meat and Allied Trades Red Cross Appeal, 15, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

Fill up the above form in INK and post it, with a POSTAL ORDER for ONE SHILLING, to "Competition," Meat and Allied Trades Red Cross Appeal, 15 West Smithfield, London, E.C.

Additional Entry Forms may be obtained post free on application by post card to above address, or from Railway Bookstalls.

The Competition Closes on December 2, 1916.

The Result will be advertised in 12 London & Provincial Daily Newspapers.



100% Value

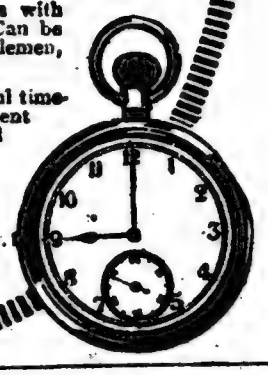
The 'Limit' offers 100% watch value—no other watch is its equal at the price. While the 'Limit' is handsome and well finished, all watchmaking skill and attention have been concentrated on the movement. That's the reason it's so valuable a timekeeper. The 'Limit' has many special movement features.

The Limit WATCH

A straightforward guarantee for two years with every watch. Prices from One Guinea. Can be had as a wrist watch for ladies or gentlemen, or as a pocket watch fo gentlemen.

You mus know more about this wonderful timekeeper. If contemplating a worthy present to a friend (or yourself), send a postcard for a copy of our handsome Illustrated Booklet "Just about the Limit." Costs nothing, yet you cannot fail to be interested. Write now to

The Limit Watch Depot C.3.
26, Withy Grove,
Manchester.



By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

DURING THE SIEGE OF KUT

a tin of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Sold at Auction for 34 RUPEES (45/4)

The Cash Price at all Grocers and Stores is STILL

8½d. Per Large Tin **&** **5d.** Per Half Tin

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

With Sugar dear and Milk much dearer, Nestle's Milk the way makes clearer.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

Little Miss Vi.

Stamina

THE success of a military enterprise depends on the stamina of the men; if this essential quality is lacking their operations are half-hearted and predisposed to failure. Vi-Cocoa is the finest beverage for those who have to strive and endure, in the field or at home. With Vi-Cocoa for breakfast and supper nothing is too arduous, the most trying conditions are lived through, and effort is maintained always to a successful issue. Try Vi-Cocoa for breakfast yourself and see how much better you last out the day.

On Sale Everywhere at Popular Prices.

Every week, from Nov. 1 to April 30, 1917, a **20/- War Saving Certificate** *will be given to the collector sending to 'Vi-Cocoa, Watford, wrappers taken from packages of Vi-Cocoa or Freeman's Delicacies to the greatest value. Those forwarding wrappers of not less than 20/- value will receive a handsome box of Boisselier's Chocolate Bon-Bons.*

Vi-Cocoa

Doubly Patriotic.

IN the purchasing of Rameses Underwear every man or woman performs a double service to the country.

In the first place, every penny that is spent goes to the encouragement of British labour and skill, for Rameses is British made throughout.

In the second place, the goods that are bought are durable and economical at a time when thrift is necessary to national existence.

RAMESES BRITISH UNDERWEAR

Rameses garments are made to shape not stretched to shape. Made for Men and Women. Sold everywhere

See this Trade Mark.

Ask your Draper To-day.

Davis "Message" Postcards.

How to send one's Christmas wishes in a manner suitable to the time in which we are living—a time when the stereotyped form of Christmas Greeting is not always suitable—that is the question which you and thousands of other people will *this* Christmas-time set themselves to solve.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards are the very thing for this purpose. The crisp and hearty messages on the one side, supplemented by the sender's personal wishes for Christmas on the address side, make a charming combination which cannot fail to be fully appreciated.

If all the earth were bells pads
And all the sea were ink
And postage stamps were grubs
Would you write me de you thunk?
A MESSAGE OF TRUE LOVE
ALWAYS BRINGS HAPPY SMILES
EVEN THOUGH BETWEEN US
ARE STRETCHING MILES
AND MILES

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards, kept ready to hand for ordinary correspondence, save endless time and the trouble of writing many a letter. There's a DAVIS "Message" Postcard for every occasion. Why not ask for it? There are hundreds of designs from which to make your selection

1D EACH, OF ALL LEADING STATIONERS.

No. 534.—A fine series of 10 different designs with popular messages, printed in colours and gold on a buff card.

No. 540.—An attractive series of 10 different designs and messages, printed in colours and gold.

The following trade mark is to be found on all genuine DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards. Refuse all others

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON EC.

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! My poor, swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"

TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions, and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! A whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Catterick Once More.

Catterick is barred to us, but all the same we get there. We earnestly appeal to the Director-General of Military Services to make the uncomfortable journey to the camp and look into matters. He will learn much that will interest and surprise him—especially if he ascertains the number of suicides there within the past twelve months. The other day a large number of men arrived in the camp in the afternoon, having lived for the previous six hours on two slices of bread and three ounces of meat; the following morning at 7.30 they got their next meal, sufficient for a boy eight years old, and consequently drilled on practically empty stomachs. The Director-General might inquire, too, regarding the number of men who report sick, are accused of malingering, and get C.B.; he might also have a resident doctor posted at the camp. We shall have other things to say about Catterick later on.

Diddling Tommy.

In Randalstown Camp, co. Antrim, the men are privileged to purchase an "Irish Packet of Stationery" at the bottom of which is a pink tab bearing the words "Special value, 1d. per packet." On removing the tab the words originally printed on the packet are disclosed—"Price one halfpenny." Poor, good old Tommy! For at least the first part of the parable he is like the "certain man" who went down to Jericho—where he often wishes those who trade upon him in this way.

Grievances of the Guards.

At Newlandside Camp, co. Durham, the old reserve men who guard the interned Huns are still under canvas, pitched in a very wet field, without floor-boards or mattresses. They are human amphibians and are seldom dry. When on sentry-go they shiver and shake and regret that they are only British soldiers, and not interned Huns, who enjoy a Carlton Hotel life!

Who is to Blame?

We have written about the soldiers who left Gillingham for Plymouth without food, and were glad of the slot machine chocolates purchased for them by a civilian. Now we learn of a detachment which left Northumberland for Plymouth, each man having for rations a twopenny pork-pie, provided out of his officer's pocket. The men had no money, were 17 hours in the train, and naturally landed in a famished condition!

The Johnny Canucks.

The boys of the Canadian Artillery Divisions in France appeal to us to have them provided with the official green envelope which enables a soldier to send a letter home without being censored, the man having given his word of honour that it contains nothing detrimental. The reason for this wish for privacy is that in the Divisions in question much laughter is caused in the messes by some of the Censors making fun of the contents of the letters they inspect. This should not be so, and we commend the matter to the General in Command.

An Astonished Rookie.

On some golf links in Sussex a raw recruit encountered a person dressed in civilian trousers and a military tunic. The boy did not know he was an officer and failed to salute. Thereupon the strangely-dressed individual sent him back to camp, and next morning tried him—being judge, jury and witnesses in one. The unfortunate boy is now enjoying 14 days in the cells.

Hungry Highlanders.

At Norwich is stationed a unit of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Their meals are taken in a school house, and breakfast is served at 7 a.m. A few mornings ago a number of men were a few minutes late in coming from their billets and found the gate locked against them, although the mess orderlies had not drawn the rations. The poor Highlanders were hungry until the scanty mid-day meal, and we can only regret that the well-fed orderly officer did not suffer a similar fate.

A Pennington Puzzle.

Pennington Camp runs Kinmel and Catterick pretty close. We should like to know if it has a postal service. The numerous complaints we receive concerning the non-delivery of letters and parcels to our soldiers cause the inquiry. As it is only a question that concerns our fighting men, we suppose that nobody at the War Office and no official in the camp cares a "tinker's cuss" about the matter.

Senseless Swagger Sticks.

Somebody at Lichfield has issued an order that his men must carry swagger canes, and to be without this useless ornament means the guardroom. The canes cost the men 2½ days' pay, and the crank colonel should be made to pay for them.

The Yacht Patrol.

The men of the Yacht Patrols up North have petitioned us, asking why they are absolutely ignored by the Admiralty. They do the same work as the trawlers, but when warm clothing was recently served out to the men of the latter service the Yacht Patrol men were told that they were not entitled to it—nor are they granted some of the vegetables subscribed for by the public. As they say, they are only recognised as belonging to the Royal Navy when they commit an offence!

Jack Ashore.

Some person has written a stupid—not to say idiotic—letter in one of the Sunday papers, and it has given great offence to Jack at sea, whom it concerns. The anonymous scribe points out that sailors will soon be starting on Christmas leave "with large sums of money as pay." He proposes that the bulk of it should be held back till they reach their homes. Because, says the slanderous skunk, "they get rid of a lot of their pay in drink, with the result that their wives or mothers get little or none." And he trots on to suggest that drunken Jacks "tell lots of secrets to friends and strangers that would be most useful to the enemy. When they are sober they tell nothing." The writer should be in the pillory.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

R. B. (Stoke Newington).—The mystic letters on your discharge paper mean that, being a recruit of under six months' service, you were sent back to civil life for medical reasons. I am sorry you are not entitled to a pension.

MRS. W. T. (Kentish Town).—Your husband having died of disease contracted before enlistment, but aggravated by active service, you may be granted a gratuity in one sum or by instalments. The amount will depend upon the circumstances, but will not exceed £300.

S. S. (Bow).—I forwarded your case to the authorities, and am glad to know that matters were put straight for you immediately.

"ARMY NURSE" (Sutton).—Where it is held that a nurse in the Q.A.I.M.N.S. retires in consequence of disease contracted while on service but not caused or aggravated by service, the Army Council has the power to grant a gratuity not exceeding three months' pay.

L. W. P. (Woolwich).—I placed your case before the Committee, who sent me a form for you to fill in and return to them. I have mailed it on to you. Like so many other remediable pensioners, you brought the trouble upon yourself by not notifying your change of address.

B. J. (Wimbledon).—I have forwarded particulars of your case to the Secretary of the Chelsea Hospital, and trust that it will be attended to immediately.

"DISABLED" (Shoreditch).—In estimating the amount of a partial disablement pension, the Board takes into consideration the reduced earning capacity of the applicant and fixes the sum accordingly. A weekly grant will be made to the child until he is sixteen.

N. J. (Worthing).—As your disability was not contracted while you were in the Service, I regret to say you have no claim.

"STEELBACK" (Pimlico).—When discharged at a station abroad, a soldier can claim an advance of 90 days' pension. The rate must not exceed two shillings a day for sergeants and higher ranks, and one shilling a day for lower.

A. E. N. (Potter's Bar).—You should apply to the local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, whose name you will obtain at the Post Office. My experience is that the local Committees are invariably sympathetic and act promptly.

T. D. (Barnet).—In my opinion, a man totally disabled by consumption should be granted a full total disablement pension—not, as so often happens, only 4s. 8d. a week. This is a point that I hope to have raised in Parliament shortly.

H. W. (late E. Lancs.).—I presented your case to the Committee. You must blame yourself, as you did not sign and forward your quarterly Life Certificate, and gave no notice of your change of residence. I have arranged for you to draw all your arrears.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. A.P.P. Fowler, 3000, B Coy., Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regt.; Pte. Tom Stanger, 26871, B Coy. 5th Platoon, Middx. Regt.; L.-Cpl. H. T. B. Richardson, 8832, Royal Sussex Regt.; Pte. H. Fawcett, 4355, 1st Coy., 3rd Platoon, Seaforth Hdrs.; Pte. F. A. Smirk, 19173, B Coy., E. Lancs Regt.; Pte. J. Robertson, 60597, B Coy., Queen's R.W.S.; Pte. L. R. Richardson, 7141, 1st Platoon, A Coy., London Scottish.; Rfm. A. Corbett, 2090, A Coy., London Rifle Brigade; Pte. J. Drooney, 18384, E. Yorks Regt.; Pte. H. C. Lake, 1219, Royal Warwick Regt.; Pte. G. Wilson, 7159, 4th Coy., Black Watch; Sgt. A. V. Hunt, 8308, Wilts Regt.; Cpl. D. Powell, 2318, A. Squadron, Worcester Yeomanry; Signaller A. Warren, 17129, Hdqrs., Northants Regt.; Pte. F. Bakewell, 9081, 103rd Mach. Gun. Coy., 103rd Brigade; Pte. J. W. Gibb, 8946, 16th Platoon, D Coy, R.F.; Lieut. R. W. Hatch, Rifle Brigade; Sgt. W. J. Edwards, 10077, Lewis Gun Sect., S. Wales Bdrs.; L.-Cpl. A. Warner, Leicester Regt.; Pte. R. Harrison, 12095, Manchester Regt.; Pte. J. A. Barrie, 1213, B Coy., Northd. Fus.; Pte. J. Brooks, 9808, W Coy. 3rd Platoon, East Lancs Regt.; Pte. B. Ward, 3177, 13th Platoon D Coy., Lincoln Regt.; Pte. J. O'Neill, 7865, H.L.I., attd. Royal Scots; Pte. J. W. Laws, 14472, C Coy., Yorkshire Regt.; Pte. A. V. Garbutt, 7262, D Coy., Scottish Rifles, The Cameronians; Pte. W. E. Grewcock, 12063, Essex Regt.; Rfm. J. C. Benauade, 20638, C Coy., K.R.R.; Pte. E. Durrent, 1397, Grenade Coy, Middlesex Regt.; Pte. F. J. Watson, 400077, D Coy. 1st Batt. Canadians; Pte. B. Blandford, 20117, Lewis Gun Section, West Yorks Regt.

Start To-day and get rid of Your Skin Trouble

Whatever your skin trouble it can be cured. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and every other treatment has failed. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use, and you will be thoroughly and permanently cured. Get a bottle of Antexema immediately, and start your cure before your trouble becomes worse.

Antexema conquers every skin illness, from the rashes, irritation, chafing and tenderness of young children to the worst case of apparently incurable eczema of men and women. Scalp troubles, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, and all other sore, irritated, pimply, blotchy conditions of the skin quickly yield to Antexema.

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Antexema is not a greasy ointment, which soils your garments, but a beautifully prepared emulsive cream, which is invisible on the skin. It is absolutely unique, and there is no substitute for it. In most cases one small bottle is sufficient for a complete cure. Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but a physician's remedy of acknowledged therapeutic value, and every bottle is made up in our own laboratory from his prescription.

End your skin illness

Be sure you do not neglect the early symptoms of skin illness, as this causes discomfort and disfigurement, whereas prompt use of Antexema gives ease, comfort and restored skin health.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

It is high time that the authorities reconsidered the scale of separation allowances. When the present standard was fixed it seemed paltry enough; but, as time has gone on, the cost of living has increased, and now the 12s. 6d. allowed to a woman with no children is worth only 7s. in normal times. We know that the War Pensions Committees do a good deal in helping the victims of the system; but something should be done to bring about an all-round increase in the allowance. Our fund will then be relieved of a great burden.

When Parliament is inclined to settle down to useful business, it might give consideration to two other grievances from which our Service men and their dependents suffer. We take a healthy married man into the Army, and drill him within an inch of his life. We may also place him in a sopping tent, to sleep in his saturated clothing and contract illness. We then put him in hospital, and while he is there we filch 7d. a day out of his pay, and thus leave him in debt to the extent of one penny a day while he is there. Then, take his wife: If she or her children have the misfortune to become ill and enter hospital, the meagre separation allowance granted by the Government is drawn upon for their support. It is hard for a patriotic Briton to hold up his head when he realises these facts.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"Nsawan Old Crocks," £4 12s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Bee," 2s.; Mrs. J. B. (Greystones), £1 1s.; "In Memory W. M. D." 2s. 6d.; H. A. C. (Derby), 1s.; M. C., 1s. 6d.; "An Admirer of Tommy" (parcel); "A Woman Admirer," 1s.; E. A. R., 2s.; W. R., 6d.; Miss M. H. S. (Pietermaritzburg), 10s.; "Le Rire," 2s. 6d.; "A Blue-jacket's Wife," 1s.; "Wives of Soldiers," 1s.; A McC., 1s.; C. D. C., £1; E. C. (Leicestershire), 1s.; F. W. H., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; H. W., 6d.; B. M. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. B. (Manchester), 2s.; J. D., 1s.; Stokers of H.M.S. Canada (per R. K. S.), £2 1s.; J. W. (Argyll), 7s. 6d.; Weekly Collection C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s.; Pte. A. H., 10s.; T. A. D. (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; C. A. W. (Southsea), £2 2s.; "James," 1s. 4d.; M. S., 6d.; E. H. (Lincoln), 1s.; "A D.C.M.'s Little Mother," 10s.; "Queechy," 2s. 6d.; R.N.V.R., S. W. S. (6th contribution), Chelmsford Station, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. A. G., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. F., 1s.; "May Ada" (Darlington), 2s. 6d.; "A Shanghai Reader," 5s. 6d.; Mrs. A. H., 1s.; E. O. S. (Balham), 7s. 6d.; J. K. (Enfield), 2s.; M. S. (Watlington), 2s. 6d.; D. L. (Stockwell), 2s. 6d.; J. A. H. (Norwood), 1s.; R. P. R., 2s.; J. L. (Grimsby), 2s. 6d.; B. B. O. (Birmingham), 10s.; J. B., 6d.; Pte. W. H. M., 6d.; J. R., 6d.; R. T. B. (Edinburgh), 6d.; J. M., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Exile" (Kedah), 10s.; Anon, 3s.; P. G. A. (Paris), fr. 1.40; G. W. H. (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; H. M. L. (Dollymount), 2s.; R. W. (Bombay), £1; "Nautilus," 2s. 6d.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short. Bros.' Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch Branch), £1 10s.; F. A. S. (Plumtree), 1s.; H. V., 4d.; Result of Sale of Old Copies of *La Vie Parisienne* (per L. H.), £1 7s. 9d.; "A Constant Reader" (Wolverhampton), 1s.; Collected on board s.s. *Airedale*, £2; "Mona," 1s.; M. B. (Edmonton), 2s. 6d.; "An Admirer of Ivy Mary," 1s.; "Music," 2s.; B. W. S. (Folkingham), 1s.; T. G. B (Watford) 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Cliffs," 4s.; K. M. (Hyde), 2s. 6d.; "An Unclaimed Tanner," 6d.; F. J. M. (Belvedere), £5; G. P. (Acton), 2s. 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. R. Arts, 515a, Kingsland Road, N.E., 2s. 7½d.; Mr. W. M. Plantaney, "The Alma," Westbourne Grove, 3s.; Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., 70, High-street, Kensington, 3s. 0½d.; Mr. J. Harrison, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 3s.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 7s. 6d.; Mr. F. E. Clarke, "The Castle," Old Kent Road, 3s.

BORDEN CAMP.—Mr. W. Roe, Manager, Messrs. Heath and Wiltshire Motor Engineers, 7s. 8d.

GLASGOW.—Mr. James Turner, 83, Garscube Road, 3s.; Mr. J. Bolesworth, 352, Paisley Road, 3s. 1d.

HULL.—Mr. W. Francis, 33, Jameson Street, 4s. 9d.

LEITH.—Mr. James Mackay, 66, Lorne Street, £1 6s. 3d.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Jas. Davis, 19, Embankment Road, 4s. 6d.

ROCHFORD.—Mr. Harry Balls, "The Anchor Hotel," South Fambridge, £1 3s. 4d.

RUGBY.—Mrs. S. Goodman, 11, Vicarage Hill, Clifton, 2s. 6d.

SHENLEY.—Mr. F. Whitfield, "White Horse Hotel," 6s.

A Cavalry man was turned out of the Army, suffering from rheumatism and consumption contracted while training. He has a wife and four children, and his only income is the weekly 10s. State Insurance money. We have looked after him.

A sailor, while on sick leave, having no friends ashore, booked accommodation in a lodging-house—where he was relieved of his money while asleep. Poor Jack was in a state of deep distress when he came to us, but we sent him away happy.

A healthy man enlisted last year and, during severe weather, contracted a chill, with the result that ultimately he was discharged with consumption. The poor fellow died suddenly, leaving a wife and small family, and naturally we were glad to help.

The husband of a very delicate woman is a prisoner of war in the hands of the Turks, a fact which has preyed on her mind and has made her "fit for nothing." To add to her miseries, her little child died the other day. She did not know where she could get help to bury it until she was reminded of JOHN BULL.

Given his papers, medically unfit and unable to work, an ex-soldier without pension had to pawn his goods to obtain food. When things were at their worst, his wife presented him with a small hostage to fortune. We took an interest in the case, and brought some happiness to the stricken little home.

Another man who was discharged without pension, and unable to follow his employment, has a delicate wife and five children. He has made many efforts to obtain light work and failed. We took his case in hand.

One of our young heroes, sent back from the Service as being no longer of any use to the Army, has a pension of 7s. 2d. a week. Fortunately for himself, he is a single man, and suffers alone. He was weak from illness when he crawled up our stairs, and we were very pleased to send him away with his pocket lined. His successor was a soldier on leave to bury his child, and we looked after him, also.

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Every chilly Autumn wind that blows carries the sharp and painful arrows of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago Neuralgia, Neuritis, and Rheumatoid Arthritis.

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ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.

Bear in mind, every Uric Acid ache and pain is **absolutely unnecessary suffering on your part.** You can prove this either at very small cost or—at the expense of The Urillac Co.

The colder weather of Autumn and Winter acts as a tonic to all but the sufferers from Rheumatic, Gouty, Sciatic, Neuritic, and Gravel troubles. To these the cold, damp weather is a period of torture. Every wind is a sharp-pointed arrow of pain. Every rain or snow-storm makes the body a living chamber of torture.

Dissolve the Uric Acid crystals or the Gouty chalk or gravel that is circulating in your blood and settling in your joints, muscles, tissues, or bladder.

Remember—**URILLAC** is made in strict accordance with the Favourite Prescription of a family West-End Specialist in all the Uric Acid and allied troubles already mentioned.

You can get a 1s. 3d. or 3s. package of **URILLAC** to-day at any good Chemist's, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Timothy White, or post free from the Urillac Co., 164, Piccadilly, London.

URILLAC Quick Cure for:

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Relieved with Second Dose and Soon Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. Prince, 135, Hyde Park Road, Southsea, writes:—"It is with pleasure I write to tell you of the benefit my little girl, Alice, derived from Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. She had whooping cough very badly, and nothing I did seemed to ease her, although I tried heaps of things including Doctor's medicine. She could not eat in comfort because of the cough, and she got very little sleep. Naturally she became quite thin and cross. But as soon I got Veno's, and can truly say there was a difference after the second dose. With the third dose she slept soundly all night, and ate a nice breakfast next morning. Then gradually the fits of coughing became less frequent, till at the end of three weeks the whooping was quite gone, and Alice was like her old self again. That was two years ago, and she has not had a cough since."

Mrs. Prince and Alice.

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DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD SPITTING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.

Larger sizes 1/3 and 3/- (the 3/- size is the most economical). Of Chemists & Stores in all parts of the World, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

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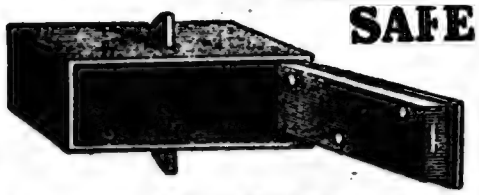

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The size of an ordinary brick. It can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, **25s.**; 13 ins. wide, **30s.** Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if not satisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Sent without lugs unless specially ordered.

Customer writes: "Am pleased with safe; key plug arrangement is very ingenious." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—

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How I Darkened My Grey Hair.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe which is as follows to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—[ADVT.]

BLOOD AND SKIN TROUBLES CURED

The most wonderful cure for Blood and Skin Troubles and Contagious Diseases has been discovered in South Africa. It is called Domigo, and is extracted from a secret root known to the natives for centuries. It is now working the most marvellous cures in England. It cures even when everything else fails—often in a few days. To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments, together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin troubles, for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

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Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons & pollutions.

Domigo quickly cures

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Send to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the Trial Treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from any branch of Boots.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., *and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.*

"A SCOT" (London) suggests that if we want to win the war before our babies grow whiskers we shall have to beg, borrow, or steal a couple of Germhun Generals. He *must* be a pessimist.

A. G. (Cheshunt).—So you think that in a recent article we "voiced the wishes of the whole nation." That is the aim of our existence.

M. H. (Carnforth).—"I pray that you may have influence with those in power." Your prayer is already answered all ends up.

A. M. (Stapleford).—"It is not often you are caught napping." Say "never," and you'll be near enough for war-time.

"TRUTH" (Essex).—Our view is that naturalised Germhuns and Austrihuns should on no account be admitted to the Volunteer Force.

R. D. (Belfast).—"I have often thought it a pity you did not live in Ireland for a while." Some of our friends in Westminster and Whitehall have wished us a lot farther than that.

"WILLING" (H.M. Drifter ———).—"Regarding collecting money for somebody to shoot the All Highest Hun," having seen some of that War Lord's handiwork, you would "do the job willingly, and without flinching." Good.

"FRED" (London, N.).—Better bad weather than Zepps.

W. H. (Manchester).—With bread at the present exorbitant price, it is essential that the customer should get full weight. Far too many bakers take "Let there be Light" as their motto.

J. S. (Sheffield).—Unfortunately, Sheffield is not the only munitions centre where Germhuns "walk about as if they owned the whole place." A Business Government would scrag the lot.

"EDMONTON" (Church Street).—Not uncommon for a man to be combed out in one place and re-badged in another. Vot a game it vos, ain't it?

J. A. F. (Carlisle).—You have discovered that "the Prussians were heathens as recently as the 13th century." But why go back so far into history? They were barbarians as recently as the middle of last week—and civilisation is a matter of centuries.

H. H. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Your question admits of no such simple reply. You remind us of the bullying barrister who wanted a "yes or no" answer to the question whether the witness had ceased to knock his wife about.

G. H. (Anerley).—Afraid we have no great sympathy with trifling grievances of "legitimate first-class passengers"—or of illegitimate ones either, come to that.

"DOROTHY" (Maida Vale), aged 26, applied for a clerkship in an Insurance Company, and was informed she was too old. Perhaps they only employ flappers.

"A WOMAN HOUSEHOLDER" (Chorley).—You admire the way we "tell folks off." So do they, in their hearts.

"MOTHER OF TEN" (London).—Your views on Mr. Pretyman's speech about food prices are ours. He isn't a father of ten, and doesn't feel the pinch.

"RUSTIC" (Tralee).—"Why does not Sir Horace Plunkett take up recruiting for the Irish Regiments?" Can't say. Why not ask him?

"A MAN IN THE STREET."—It is not only unpatriotic but illegal for "employers" to "arber" men of military age. Your pithy letter recalls Artemus Ward's remark that "Chaucer was a boss poet but he couldn't spel."

C. & G. C. and OTHER WOMEN complain that after many months' labour they have been turned away as war workers from Swaythling Forage Barn to make way for men. They would like to know whether there is any other work of the kind open to them.

A. H. (Ilkley).—"A viper bit a Germhun's hide, 'Twas the viper, not the man, that died."

G. S. P. (Westminster).—How did *you* come to hear those remarks of the King about the portrait of the Kaiser?

"OLD BOYS" (Swan Hotel).—Kindly inform you "whether the gas that petrifies its victims but leaves them in the same position as they were before has ever been used on the field of battle"? You spring a new gas on us in one that petrifies its victim but leaves him just as he was before he was.

A. W. (Brighton).—The Austrian to whom you refer is a personal servant of Sir Roger Parkington, the representative in this country of Montenegro; and that reason, we suppose, accounts for the fact that when Sir Roger recently went to Brighton for his health, the Chief Constable, after being fully satisfied of the man's loyalty, granted him a Permit for fourteen days.

MRS. R.E. (Anerley) sends us a photo of her husband and other soldiers reading this journal on board the ship which brought back the crew of the *Tara* after their harrowing experiences as prisoners in the hands of the Senoussi Arabs. We are glad that on their release they still entertained the high opinion of it which they expressed by their resolution to "Write to JOHN BULL" about their treatment by the foe as soon as they experienced its rigours.

SAPPER F. W. S. (British Expeditionary Force).—Glad to hear you do not "fall in with peace resolutions." Personally, we entirely fall out with them.

G. E. W. (Southampton).—"Has the Board of Trade developed a leak?" If so, it is in the "Intelligence" Department. Write again if you don't see the joke.

"A CONSTANT READER" (W. Kirby).—"Cope, champion snooker-player of England, if not the world, was granted two months' additional exemption." It shows we can still beat the world—at snooker. But it takes the pool.

O. M. (Norfolk).—As a country parson, you think we "can be magnanimous—outside JOHN BULL." And inside it, we trust.

WILL any of our readers who have had any transactions with Nelson Cromwell or C. H. Welby in connection with "Bullets" competitions communicate with us at once, giving full particulars?

C. H. (Edinburgh).—AND MANY OTHERS.—You will see an "Open Letter" to the Countess of Carlisle. From her photograph in the papers, we should think that a bottle of generous wine would do her a little good.

J. S. (Scartho).—Farm labourers, married, with families, on 15s. a week—and no war bonus! But still cheerful. It's the pluck in the race.

"A SERGEANT'S WIFE" (New Cross).—The silver stripe for a soldier invalided through disease is not official. The only badge of the kind issued is the gold stripe, which is granted exclusively to men who have suffered from *gunshot* wounds! Your shilling has been added to the fund.

"ERDINGTON."—Nobody denies that 1,116 Quakers have joined the F.A.U. The point is that they ought to have joined the fighting army.

"A FRENCHWOMAN" (St. James's).—Yourself and lady friend were told you could not be served with tea in a West-end café unless you had a gentleman with you. We like your retort, "All the real gentlemen are at the front."

M. W. (Burnley).—From a history essay:—"King Edward would have been King of France if his mother had been a man." And his father a woman, we suppose.

L. T. (Scarborough).—Another barmy one! "Please tell me the value of an 1864 penny, and where we should send it to." Buy War Stock with it.

E. F. (Edgbaston).—Have we noticed "the imposition at present being carried on in the coal trade"? When we have time, we will have a look round the coal cellar.

Miss M. C. (Eastbourne).—No doubt the vicar roped the side seats to keep the soldiers from the fruit on the church window sills at the Harvest Festival. Consider what a lot of trouble would have been saved if Adam and Eve had been roped away from the apple tree!

MRS. L. (Harthill Lks.).—The samples of potatoes you send us seem to have had a bad attack of measles. The office boy has been instructed to pass them along to a Germhun internment camp.

"THE BOYS" (Denmark Hill).—Thanks, but no extra JOHN BULL Christmas number this year.

W. J. P. (Penge).—You will have seen that Mr. Arnold Lupton has been prosecuted and fined for circulating the pamphlet.

W. A., SR. (Hasbrouch, N.J.).—"I have got some brains," you say. Congratulations.

"KITCHENER" (Dublin).—We have not a high opinion of the Magic Foot Draft. What it seems to lack most is magic.

"MASTER" (Birmingham).—You weren't fined for "having a difference" with your wife, but for hitting her in the eye. A man who puts his better half's face in mourning is certainly the worse half.

H. B. C. (H.M.S. *Diligence*).—We do not believe that any survivor of the *Hampshire* is a prisoner of war in Germhuny.

"JUSTICE" (Ryde, I. of W.).—Though eager to oblige you, afraid we cannot froth at the mouth because "a certain brewer's bottle-washer is indispensable." After all, it wouldn't be nice to drink our beer from unwashed bottles.

W. P. (Stockwell).—You evidently appreciate our "biting criticism," always provided, of course, that it is someone else who is bitten.

REV. S. P. (Ealing).—We certainly "*don't* think all parsons are like Stiggins."

"ALFRISTON" (Nottingham).—This is not the column for "confidential" matters. Sorry we can't spare time to send down the office-boy to whisper in your ear.

E. B. (Chisledon Camp).—Your little "German" joke to hand, but we have no reason to believe that the British Government contemplate any such saucy scheme for increasing the birth-rate. There is, of course, no ban upon unofficial efforts in this direction.

"CHEMICUS" (Leicester).—"I am a panel chemist." You have our sympathy.

"CREWE."—"Is it a fact that now that our shops are to be closed at 8 p.m. our rent also is to cease at that hour?" Don't make us cough!

"A VICTIM OF INJUSTICE" (Southampton).—Perhaps by now the Chief Constable of Southampton has scraped together enough money to pay his own doctor's bill. He will soon be expecting the Council to pay for his Christmas dinner.

J. R. (Coventry).—Because the Borough Electrical Engineer got off lightly you must not be tempted to infringe the lighting regulations. You may take it from us that no "mitigated fines" are likely to come your way.

E. D. (Ipswich).—You cannot do better than write to the Woman's Work Editor of *Everywoman's*, who answers by post any questions dealing with women's employment.

"MCNAB" (San Francisco).—We cannot believe that "good jobs, no brains required" are common in your part of the world. Your experience is probably unique.

"MARY" (Garth).—Have constantly advised people not to deal with "bonus" tea firms like Lewis and Sons, Crown Chambers, Swansea, on the strength of false representations of canvassers. Your turn for bonus may not arrive until after the Resurrection.

J. B. (Wishaw).—Hope you are no worse a collier than you are a poet. Though our good wishes can't be deeper, we wish you'd dig up coal that's cheaper.

P. W. H. (Old Ford).—"Where in the Bible is aviation referred to? When Jacob robbed Esau of his heir-ship. Putrid, isn't it?"—yes.

"MARIE" (Hackney).—Do not trust him gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet.

R. N. C. (Gt. Missenden).—"There are 20 to 30 thousand German prisoners in this country. Put them on to construct the Channel Tunnel," you say. Wouldn't it be awful if the roof fell in?

M. O. (Rotherham).—"I am sending two choruses for publishing in your grand paper. If any charge for inserting same let me know." No charge; we could not print them at any price.

E. M. (Harlesden).—All "Bullets" prizes are despatched with the utmost promptitude—as far as possible, in view of their number, reaching the recipients before the day of publication. In regard to the larger prizes, the first intimation of success is the receipt of the cheque.

"PATRIOT" (Tamworth).—"He tries his utmost to protect the aged and the poor; So increase its circulation, It is worth it, I am sure." And we are just as dead sure as you are.

"DISGUSTED HITCHINITE."—"Hitchin had no Our Day." We know it is a chestnut, but—Hitchin wants scratchin'.

"A BRITISH WOMAN" (Durham).—"Will you please allow me a corner in your valuable paper?" This is it.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

I will teach You to Play the Piano Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery or Fatigue, and from *ordinary Music*, whilst *you need not know a note to start.* I teach more in one of my graduated

Courses of Correspondence Lessons than many years of patient study and *mindless parrot-like* can ever give you. **I have done so for twelve years with invariable success.** Whatever your Piano Playing or Sight Reading difficulties I can rapidly train you to mastery. Lessons graded from **Advanced Concert Players to Beginners.** Send a post-card to-day for a complimentary copy of my book,

"Mind, Muscle and Keyboard."

which explains my methods and gives remarkable testimony to their success from past students. Write your address clearly (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and say whether you are an Advanced, Moderate or Elementary Player, or an Absolute Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER, 8c, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct.

A FACT.

The Financial Mail

The Paper that Makes Money for its Readers.

Specimen Copy Free.

Address Editor, 7, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE through the

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD

Less than you now pay as a Tenant will enable you to become a House Owner. Illustrated booklet free from F. G. L. J. B. 6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

The RIGHT WAY TO BUY A HOUSE.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

H. G. MORGAN, 242, Barnsley Road, Cudworth. October 21st. 384,484.

F. EASTON, 29 Anson Road, Great Yarmouth. October 14th. 377,429.

G. E. LONG, 59, College Court, Hammersmith, W. October 21st. 127,463

E. SMITH, 190, Washington Road, Worcester Park, Surrey. October 21st. 752,149.

W. B. DURRANT, 5, School Street, St. George's, Wellington, Salop. October 21st. 659,822.

C. R. THOMPSON, 9, Henry Street, Peterborough. October 21st. A047,728

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 11th:—

005,973	290,233	624,184	922,151	A231,896
037,138	300,150	632,351	956,679	A275,933
054,453	347,038	669,282	987,060	A294,561
092,203	375,630	683,267	995,213	A329,611
126,757	426,494	710,856	A000,916	A370,312
169,520	454,259	746,087	A007,533	A442,993
173,009	483,436	772,904	A095,348	A486,944
214,386	519,776	829,943	A127,204	A499,895
261,122	536,224	863,172	A163,547	A521,146
284,678	570,437	891,199	A184,069	A550,774

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 22nd).

Last Two Weeks of our Great Xmas Offer!

1000 TURKEYS

LAST TWO WEEKS OF OUR GREAT XMAS OFFER
200 ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
These Turkeys will be of the best quality and
WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH.
Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be dispatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

1000 TURKEYS

2nd Prize £25 — FIRST PRIZE £250 — £10 3rd Prize

Over 5,000 Prizes — Value £1,250!

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	AND 2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2:10

200 Specially selected Turkeys to be Won this week!

Closing Date, Thursday, November 23rd.

No.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(214) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 214, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 23rd.

No.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(214) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed

Address

Two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 215** These can be used on the coupons above and must reach these Offices on or before **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th**. Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **215** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 215**, 'John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 215.

AFTER GETTING PUSH	GROWING FAST	WITHOUT LEAVE	TRYING HIS BEST
TAKING LIBERTY	A PRETTY MISS	NOTICE TO QUIT	RISING EARLY
A PAINFUL SENSATION	CUNNING DODGE	FALLING IN	A BAD TURN
GERMAN PLEDGES	A TOUGH PROPOSITION	WHEN FATHER SHOPS	COSY CORNER
TRYING FOR TURKEY	WIFE'S DRESS ALLOWANCE	PLAIN COOK	SURPRISING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 214.

TOMMY'S FIRST STRIPE
MAKING GOOD
WHAT AMERICA WANTS
DRINK UP
UNDER THE UMBRELLA
TRYING TO SING
CARVING TURKEY
STRIKING A BARGAIN
A DEAR LOAF
BITTER ENEMY
WHEN LOVERS MEET
PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT
DRAWING LOTS
UPSETTING THE GOVERNMENT
RELIEVING OFFICER
SILLY GIRL
WHEN FATHER'S TOUCHED
GERMAN PIRATES
GETTING HIS PENSION
TOMMY ROT
DREAMING OF HOME
RANK INJUSTICE
RUNNING A RISK
OUR BABY
A DRY SUBJECT
WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS
A GOOD CATCH
GIVEN BEST
FLIRTING
THE KAISER HATES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet

These examples will guide you :—

Example :—
GIVEN BEST.
Bullet: —
SWEETHEART WHEN FIRST ENGAGED.

Example :—
OUR BABY.
Bullet :—
OFTEN HEARD OF.

Example :—
RUNNING A RISK.
Bullet :—
WELSHER USUALLY.

Competitors may send in two **BULLETS** on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 9th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated November 18th.

RESULT OF 211TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. G. S. GOSLING,
64, Warwick Street, Oxford.
Example:—TOMMY'S COOK
Bullet:—"FILLING" MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. P. CHARLES,
3, St. Peter's Close, Hereford.
Example—GERMANY'S LAST HOPE.
Bullet:—"RETURNS" WHICH ARE "DOCTORED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mrs. A. GRAY,
21, Morgan Street, Dundee.
Example:—GETTING THE BIRD.
Bullet:—"PLUMP" FOR YOURS TRULY.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. E H FORSTER, 10, St Nicholas Rd., Thorne, nr. Doncaster:
BRITISH LEADERS—CONSIDER THEIR MEN "FIRST."
Mr. F W KILL, Police Station, Croydon:
WORRIES THE KAISER—BRITISH "DEFEAT" HIS AMBITION.
Mr. E. GUY, 60, Gilman St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent:
SHABBY TRICK—SINGLE "TURNS OUT" MARRIED.
and A. M. C. CAPPER 15733, Wireless Operator, Upavon, Wilts:
BRITISH LEADERS—"REST" ASSURED THEY'LL WIN.
Mr. S. J. COLEMAN, Castle Farm, Winchelsea, Sussex:
COMES IN USEFUL—"FATHER" AS AN "EXAMPLE."
Mr. F PEADON, 91, Palmerston St., Moss Side, Manchester:
GERMANY'S LAST HOPE—THEY'RE CALLING THE "HALT."
Mrs. E. J. GOWERS, Sheldwich, Faversham:
GETTING THE BIRD—ACTORS WHO ARE "TRYING."
Mr. W. WALTON, 31, Cunliffe Street, Stockport:
IN THE MORNING—REVELLING BECOMES "BAD TASTE."
Mr. M. SAMUEL, 98, Fordwych Rd., Brondesbury, N.W.:
WHAT TINO WANTS—A TREATISE ON TREATIES.
Mr. R. A. BAYLISS, 30, Constance Rd., Edgbaston, Bir'ham:
WIFE'S FIRST CAKE—HUBBY PREFERS TO HUNGER.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. J. M'GIBBON, 83, Durning Rd., Edgehill, Liverpool:
DIRT CHEAP—CERTAINLY NOT OUR LEGISLATORS.
Mr. H. HELLIWELL, 45, Emscote Grove, Halifax:
WORRIES THE KAISER—THE "PLEASURE" IS OURS.
Mr. G WESTBROOM, 24, Brook Street, Colchester
DRINK—THE DRUNKARD CRAVES "AFTER."
Mrs. N M SUTCLIFFE, 8, Rye Bank Road, Seymour Grove, Manchester:
GETTING ON WELL — "DINNER" BECOMES "LUNCHEON."
Mrs. A. GLASSBY, 57, Granville Street, Barnsley:
DIRT CHEAP—UNTIL IT'S "DESIRABLE SITE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. P. G. EDWARDS, 3, Brand Street, Ludlow.
WORRIES THE KAISER—WHAT'S "RELATED" TO HIM.
Mr. W BROWN, 26, Bakewell Street, Derby:
GERMANY'S LAST HOPE—THAT EMPIRE WON'T "TUMBLE."
Mr. W. E HOSKING, 113, Mornington Road, Leytonstone:
DIRT CHEAP—SEARCHLIGHTS AFTER THE WAR.
Mr. B WRIGHT, 21, Totnes Road, Canning Town, E.:
DRINK—DRAYMEN "LOWER" DAILY.
Mr. J. SEALY, 11, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston Road, N.W.:
FORBIDDEN—QUESTIONS FATHER CAN'T ANSWER.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 200 WINNERS OF TURKEY PRIZES FOR THE ABOVE COMPETITION WILL BE SENT TO ANY APPLICANT FORWARDING A PENNY STAMP TO THESE OFFICES, AND WILL ALSO APPEAR IN THE "COMPETITORS' JOURNAL."

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 23rd

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(214) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 214, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 23rd

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(214) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Nov. 18th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Nov. 18th, 1916

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

.....

Cheer boys, cheer, don't you hear the goblins call?
Jovial Tommy Atkins and honest Cousin Paul,
Fraternise in friendly deed.
Patronise our fragrant weed,
Good old Chairman Juniors is the smoke to please us all.

This time of the year, particularly first thing in the morning, one envies the Juniors their journeys to sunny southern shores, but . . . they have, and can have, no better cigarettes than those who stay at home and work . . . or who are in the Forces and work harder. Because Chairman Juniors are really good—so good, as they are Chairman Cigarettes in everything but size. And they are only a trifle smaller to enable them to be sold by tobacconists and at Canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes and the necessary carton, as there are no coupons or pictures given with them.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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